JOHN BULL, MARCH 26, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1345.

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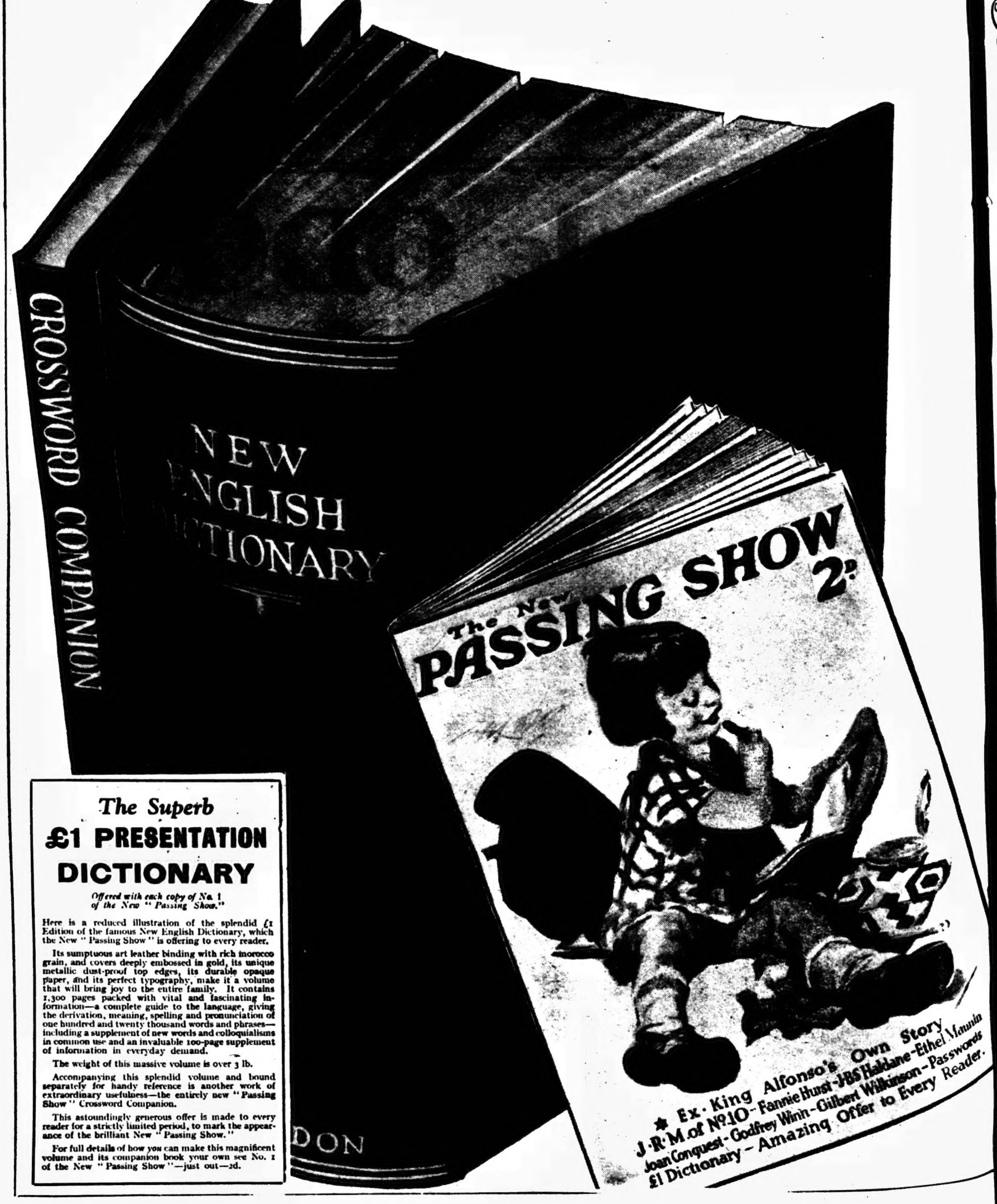
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29 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
30 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	—	—
31 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
32 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	—	—	—

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93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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These HUMAN *Vultures*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

THE human vultures who prey on the morals of their sister women at the instance of rich and debauched men are always with us. But to-day they are spreading their talons over a still wider field.

As proof of it every now and then the case of some notoriously evil procuress comes before the public eye—as a warning that this terrible trade flourishes secretly in our midst.

It is natural that the Press should suppress details of sordid and revolting cases, but that suppression can be carried too far. You cannot disinfect a sick room better than by letting the sunshine into it.

There are times when the sunshine of direct publicity is needed as an essential disinfectant of moral disease.

That direct publicity was called for in the case of Mrs. Sprinz, the vice vulture of Golders Green, London, whom Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London, described as "a disgrace to her sex and a blot on humanity" and who is now beginning her richly deserved sentence of three years' penal servitude.

It was equally called for to expose, and if possible bring to justice, the moneyed degenerates who aided and abetted her. But for them, and their like, the vice racket could not exist in all our great cities as it does to-day.

Difficult as it is to secure evidence to ensure the conviction of the culprits in this foul trade, the police must spare no effort to find the men.

Nor to hound down the many impudent procuresses whose existence is a public menace. They ought all to be put behind prison bars.

Lust money

MRS. SPRINZ is only one of at least a dozen women known to be operating on a big scale in London alone. She is only one of hundreds of women traffickers of the same kind who are living upon the degradation of their sister women in all our great cities.

None of these human vultures could carry on her ghastly trade in vice if it were not for the rich men ready at all times to pay large sums for the gratification of their desires.

If this were merely an aspect of the immemorial problem of prostitution we should scarcely need to deal with it here.

It is something more than that. The case of Mrs. Sprinz supplies a terrible illustration of the dangers and temptations to which innocent girls and respectable women may be exposed at any moment.

This abominable woman deliberately sought contact with possible victims through the medium of apparently ordinary advertisements in thoroughly reputable daily newspapers.

She was ultimately brought to justice because one of these women, applying to her in all good faith for a situation, was shocked and horrified to discover what was expected of her.

She informed the police, assisted them in their investigations, and thus exposed the whole plot.

The devil's army

WE have channels of information from which we know definitely that for one Mrs. Sprinz arrested there are dozens of persons like her, of greater or lesser importance, still carrying on their vile traffic with impunity.

We know that their "clients" include many rich men of outwardly good standing, many highly-placed officers in the Services, and many aged debauchees occupying important positions.

And we know that this hideous variation of the white slave traffic will never be effectively checked until we find the men. The penalty of procuring innocent girls under age for immoral purposes is so severe that this form of white slavery is almost extinct.

The net is now being spread for young married women, business and professional girls above the age of consent, and, in fact, any of the great army of respectable women workers who are to-day hard pressed by their own or their husbands' unemployment.

We are apt in this country to sneer at gang rule in America. We are amazed at American accounts of racketeering. We can scarcely credit American stories and American pictures of graft supremacy.

But the vice racket exists in Great Britain as surely as it exists in the United States. The difference is merely one of degree and of organisation.

There is an underworld organisation in London and every other big city which deliberately caters for depravity.

There are dozens of women who are making thousands a year by trafficking in the degradation of their fellow-women.

They employ an army of agents working on commission—hotel reception clerks, solicitors' clerks, shop assistants, money-lenders' touts, travel agency couriers and the like.

Apart from these miserable underlings there are many deliberate profiteers in vice—wealthy scoundrels of the type Bernard Shaw exposed in "Mrs. Warren's Profession." These are the men who exploit both the procuress and her victims.

They let premises at exorbitant rents knowing that they will be used for immoral purposes. They run small fashion houses to supply unfortunate girls with smart clothes on the hire-purchase system at usurious profits.

The fiends escape

IN certain cases they even import and finance undesirable foreign women, who come to this country on week-end tickets without a passport and remain here until they are detected and deported, or until they can go through a form of marriage with some innocent or shameless Briton.

The newspapers are not to blame in this matter. They accept certain advertisements in good faith because their hidden meaning is apparent only to the vice-traffickers themselves.

The police are not to blame. They know the existence of this traffic just as we know it, but they are seldom able to secure direct evidence.

And, when they do, the guilty men almost always go scot-free. The procuress may be arrested and sent to jail; her clients, the men for whom she works and from whom she receives her money, cannot be touched for lack of direct evidence. It is almost impossible to prove that they are accessories before the fact.

We do not pretend that there is anything new about this ghastly traffic in human bodies and human souls.

But we do maintain that it is increasing in the most alarming way to-day, and that it represents a special menace to women and girls who are driven by sheer poverty to "try" any situation that may be offered.

We warn all such women and girls never to accept any 'private situation" unless they have clear proof of the advertiser's *bona fides*. And we urge them, in the interests of the community, to go to the police at once should any improper or highly doubtful suggestion be made to them.

Make them speak!

FOR the rest, as we have said, the core of the problem lies in finding the men, traffickers and clients both.

And we earnestly suggest to the police that, whenever a prosecution becomes possible, they should force every man found upon the premises into the witness box even though it may be impossible to prefer a charge against him.

In cases of this sort there is no weapon so powerful as publicity. If a few of the wealthy debauchees could be forced to give evidence it would have an amazing effect upon others who have not yet been found out.

Find the men; expose them, and the first steps will have been taken towards the cure of this grave social disease.

Livelier Days Coming in Parliament

Would a peerage tempt him?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . .

THE Prime Minister may not, as he says, have any inner Cabinet quarrels to contend with; but he will now have a much more quarrelsome and effective Opposition to face in the House than hitherto.

One thorn in his side is Mr. Amery, who is more persistent than ever in his whole-hogging Tariff demands.

We hear rumours from usually well-informed quarters that Mr. MacDonald will shortly offer him a peerage.

That is one way out—if the Tory ex-Minister accepts it. But we don't think he will.

L. G. winning

Then there is Mr. Lloyd George. He may not bring down the Government, but he'll worry the Liberal Cabinet Ministers.

Already he has stirred up Liberals all over the country, and they are calling upon their Ministers to resign.

Sir Herbert Samuel's fate will be sealed at the Clacton Liberal Conference next month—and all the indications are that David will bring down Samuel.

Winston in action

Mr. Winston Churchill, too, is back in the front line again.

He is very dissatisfied with the situation in Ireland, and will take the first opportunity to make a speech in the Commons insisting on the observance of the Irish Treaty, the whole Treaty, and nothing but the Treaty.

Will the clouds break?

Dark clouds are once more threatening the stricken mining areas.

On July 8 the temporary Act of Parliament fixing miners' hours at seven and a half daily comes to an end. Unless a new Act is quickly passed a disastrous crisis is inevitable.

The Minister of Mines wants owners and miners to settle the dispute themselves. Unfortunately, the owners refuse to make any move.

Less rent restrictions

A new Rents Bill will be introduced into Parliament soon after Easter.

This will apply Rent Restriction permanently to working-class houses, but will gradually free middle-class and suburban houses from restriction.

We hope it will be very gradual.

A new Party

The Independent Labour Party is in danger of being split from top to bottom.

Mr. James Maxton is trying to lead it out of the Labour Party. If he fails, the Clydesiders will leave the I.L.P. and form a new Party.

Government's insult

Why are M.P.s being treated so badly?

Private members' time was taken for Government business, yet the Government programme does not keep the Commons fully occupied, and the House is often adjourned very early so that important private Bills cannot be discussed.

This is turning members into mere voting machines.

We Don't Want the Tax Spies

Return of the Natives

We lead

Britain will prove that she has done more than her share of cutting down Europe's burden of War debts when these are discussed at the Lausanne Conference in June.

Of the £1,246,000,000 owed to us by our Allies, we have cancelled £913,000,000—which costs us an extra £45,000,000 a year in taxes.

But other countries are slow to follow our great example.

Second fiddle again?

Meanwhile, delicate negotiations are going on to secure a joint Franco-British policy at the Lausanne Conference.

France is seeking a guarantee against any revision of the Versailles Treaty in return for some concessions to Germany on reparations—if we will persuade the United States to reduce War debts.

As usual, France wants to have it all her own way.

Prison reforms coming

Long-overdue reforms can be expected as a result of the recent scandal at Brixton Prison, when a girl was refused permission to see her dying father.

The Home Secretary is giving particular attention to the treatment of debtor prisoners and those on remand or in hospital. Improved facilities will be given for visitors to see them.

Bank rate (Round 4)

The Bank rate may come down to 2½ per cent. before long. The third round of the fight between the Governor of the Bank of England and the industrial leaders has had the result we exclusively predicted—the rate has been reduced to 3½ per cent.

But the fight continues. And Mr. Montagu Norman will lose the fourth round, too.

We can tell you

Hundreds of thousands of people hold 5 per cent. War Loan stocks. Many of them pay little heed to developments in financial affairs.

But the Government may soon be able to make a conversion offer to reduce their rate of interest. Every holder should know the full facts of the situation before deciding whether to accept the offer.

Our financial expert can help you. Write to JOHN BULL about it! We thrive on problems!

Sack the lot!

Rewards to income-tax informers should be abolished. £700 was paid in this way last year, and nearly twice as much the year before.

But often the information is inspired by spite and is found to be false after the person named has suffered an unnecessary investigation of his private affairs.

Income-tax officials should do their own work.

A helping hand

Some Welsh families have to share one dress or suit, while in Southern England boys and girls cannot accept jobs because of lack of decent clothes.

Such are the reports received by the newly-formed Personal Service League, which aims at supplying clothes in badly-hit areas. We wish it every success.

Back to Britain

Britons who went abroad in search of higher wages just after the War are now hurrying back disillusioned.

Their rush home largely explains why more people entered the country than left last year—53,181 immigrants against 27,151 emigrants.

They would have done better to have pinned their faith on the Old Country.

Keep them home!

The Bishop of Montreal says that hundreds of English lads have been standing in the Canadian "bread lines" this winter. Yet it is proposed to send five hundred more boys to Canada very shortly!

Why doesn't Mr. J. H. Thomas order an immediate investigation of the scheme?

Warm-hearted M.P.

Mr. Lovat Fraser, M.P. for Lichfield, has our applause for trying to stop the baby-farming evil.

Some foster-mothers take over the care of children for a premium, pocket the money and leave the babies chargeable to the Poor Law.

Mr. Fraser intends to deal with this by an amendment in the Children's Bill or other legislation. We hope he succeeds.

Heroism unsurpassed

We salute the memory of a young Manchester man, John Birks, for one of the most amazing acts of self-sacrifice we can recall.

When a 30,000-gallon tank of boiling water burst, Birks tried to save a workmate from death by standing in front of him. Unfortunately both died.

Birks' father has now received a certificate and £50 from the Carnegie Trust Hero Fund—a tribute to a very gallant son.

Wasting their time

When will the police forget trivialities and get back to their real duties?

A Stockport man has to attend a police-court twelve miles away because his driving licence is not signed in the right place, though his name appears on it three times.

He is the more indignant because one of many undetected burglaries in his district recently was at his own house.

Leeds lags behind

Leeds does not lead in the matter of slum clearance, since it has more than 33,000 back-to-back houses which cannot be made fit for habitation. In some cases the walls have to be tied to prevent them from collapsing.

The Medical Officer of Health says they should all be demolished. So do we.

We must fight on

This country may be winning the fight against tuberculosis, but it hasn't won yet.

Glasgow alone has 9,675 known cases of the disease, though only 1,714 are receiving institutional treatment.

It will never be conquered until we wipe out the slums.

Leave it alone

A fascinating and well-paid means of earning a regular income is how the writing of greeting-card verses is described by James D. Coghill, of Holyhead, who offers to teach the technique and "guarantees" to dispose of finished work.

People like Mr. Coghill should be ignored.

Honesty their policy

We are rather glad to hear that over 1,000 houses and shops were found insecure by the Scarborough police during the past year, for it shows the inhabitants' trust in the honesty of their fellow-citizens and visitors.

And though the population is nearly 42,000, there are fewer than sixty police.

It can be done

We raise our hat to Ebbw Vale Council. In 1928 this Welsh town was on the verge of bankruptcy; now it has a surplus of some £40,000, rates have been reduced by 2s. 8d. in the £, and it refuses to listen to the "wage economy" cry.

Other councils could do the same if they tried.

The acid test

Once again we pay tribute to a brave scientist.

Seeking the cause of a disease affecting card-room workers in cotton mills, Dr. Arnold Brown, of Manchester, injected a compound into his own body to produce symptoms of the disease. The experiment was successful and may lead to the saving of many lives.

There should be some special form of recognition for such men as Dr. Brown.

Queer

Lancashire readers are being told by Competitors Publications, of 63, New Oxford Street, London, that their names have been entered for a free solution in a weekly competition. All they have to do is to pay two shillings for a solution booklet.

Then they are congratulated on their entry by Maxims, of 37, New Oxford Street, and asked to send three more attempts for a shilling.

The handwriting on both envelopes appears to be the same. Odd, isn't it?

Five years after

Five years after he had ceased to be eligible for National Health Insurance membership, a reader received a Ministry of Labour form demanding replies to a long list of questions regarding his last unemployment book.

We have heard of a number of similar cases. Hasn't the Ministry anything else to do?

Electric shocks

Electricity users in Kensington, London, are being asked to sign a petition for cheaper current by the Kensington Consumers' Organised Protest, which has also employed a canvasser to obtain subscriptions.

The variation in electricity charges is a scandal. But it is the M.P.'s job to voice the public's indignation. They should get busy.

A futile fertiliser

There's a new kind of doorstep merchant for housewives to shun.

A presentable young man, calling at Cambridge houses, mentions the name of a local seedsman and offers a pound of fertiliser for a shilling.

After he has gone, the housewife finds she has bought a pound of ordinary soil and wet sawdust.

Why MEN HATE US

"A competent woman cold-shouldered out of a job."—Miss Hilda Matheson

A woman who has made good—Miss Caroline Haslett, C.B.E., Director of the Electrical Association for Women

by Ellen Wilkinson

IS there a conspiracy to drive women back to Victorian shackles?

It is never wise to take freedom too much for granted in this world, and I have been surprised lately by the bitterness so many people are showing against the independent woman worker—that is, if she has a job worth coveting.

No one wants to give the charwoman's job to a man. But any woman who is successful, who is making a decent income, who has a job that gives her power, is feeling the cold pressure of this growing prejudice against her sex.

If she is unmarried, people want to know why she doesn't find a husband to keep her, and let some man do her job, and bring up a family on the salary.

If she is married then the pressure from public opinion is terrific, even if she is not actually faced with the dread ultimatum from her employers: "We have decided to employ no married women."

In the past three years, more and more municipalities have followed the lead of the London County Council in not employing married women for skilled work—teachers, doctors, experts of all kinds.

It has become the fashion for Chambers of Trade and Employers' Associations to circularise their members suggesting that the services of married women be dispensed with, except, of course, those who trudge to the office to scrub at 6 a.m. No one suggests that single men be sacked in favour of married ones, or enquiries made into their private affairs.

Enviable spinsters!

THE prejudice is against any woman, married or single, doing any job that a man thinks he would like to do.

Nor does this feeling only come from men. In fact, I think that many sheltered married women are more bitter against the independent woman worker than any man could possibly be.

Time was when the married woman with her safe economic position looked down pityingly on the spinster who had to earn her own living, often under-paid, ill-clothed, and with so few opportunities open to her.

The last ten years have changed all that.

The married woman, whose husband's salary has been axed, and axed again, who yet has to meet school and doctor's bills that seem to rise instead of fall, with all the other expenditure that young children bring, looks enviously at the apparently care-free woman worker, who can still afford a new dress, and even treat the other woman's husband to a theatre ticket.

A woman raged to me the other day because a girl cousin had generously included this woman's husband in a theatre party. "He was apologetic to me about it, but I insisted on him going, he loves the theatre so much. But no girl ought to have enough money to treat a man. It throws the world topsy-turvy."

I could hear the "Hear, hears" rising from thousands of homes, where the wife is embittered by endless economising, and oh, so naturally, jealous of the wage-earning freedom that did not weigh a straw with her on her wedding day.

If all this were a temporary envy based on the economic conditions of the present day, which may seem like an evil dream ten years hence, the independent woman could afford to shrug her shoulders.

But the wise woman recognises that this feeling is not a passing phase.

It is the coming to the surface again of that deep-rooted sex-struggle in which in the past men have always been the victors. Purdah, the veil have been the symbol of their mastery in the past, as trailing skirts are the sign of their returning power in 1932.

What a marvellous time women had in that 1920-30 decade!

Four years of war experience had put women at a premium in the minds of men. The post-war generation was still at school. And so women revelled in their new freedom, doing stunts, opening new careers. "Amazing achievement by a woman" was kept as a standing headline by every newspaper.

It seemed as though it would last for ever. But are we as sure of that in 1932 as everyone seemed to be in 1930?

Women got opportunity, but no real power. A few exceptional women were allowed to play about in the public eye, but the men remained in control of the things that mattered.

Squeezed out

THE women who won through to success in that time are in an exposed salient. Some of them, perhaps most, are allowed to keep the places they have secured—but are the reserves behind them?

The important problem of the future is not the position of the women now in their late thirties or early forties who have made good, but the chance the girls of twenty have to follow them.

In all the new activities that came into being during the war and after, women were given their share. These places are being closed to the next generation.

The League of Nations secretariat gave women positions of real power. Women like Dame Rachel Crowdy became heads of great departments. Now they are being squeezed out and men put in their jobs.

Didn't the women make good? Well, they had to put two men and another woman to do the work that Rachel Crowdy had managed alone. The new woman, needless to say, is the subordinate.

A very clever woman said to me bitterly when I was in Geneva in 1930: "If a woman's department here doesn't grow, they say it's because she is a woman. If it does, they say it has become too big for a woman to control and they give it to two men."

I have just had a letter from a well-known American journalist in Geneva, who writes: "You would be surprised at the growth of anti-feminist feeling in Geneva during these last two years."

Then look at our own British Broadcasting Corporation I accuse the B.B.C. of deliberately cold-shouldering competent women out of important jobs.

The case of Miss Hilda Matheson, the late Talks Director, ought to have been the subject of an enquiry. I believe only one woman now has any reasonably important post in the Corporation, excepting, of course, Lady Snowden.

When any woman in an important job dies, or marries, there is a movement nowadays to give her job to a man or divide it among two women whose status can be kept lower.

A friend of mine had made such a success of her work that the word "genius" was publicly applied to her when she laid it down. But the proposal was immediately made that her work should be divided. She had become too important. The men she had worked with as an equal resented it. They wanted to make sure that her successors worked *under* them.

Our present Government is without one woman Minister for the first time since 1924. Would anyone who knows the House of Commons say that none of the present women Members are as competent as some of the obscure and lackadaisical nonentities who fill some of the minor posts in this administration?

The Duchess of Atholl was regarded by her Civil Service (a severe judge of form) as a competent Minister. Lady Iveagh has held high office in her Party for years.

Yet a Government that boasts it contains members of all Parties limits itself to one sex.

There is a growing uneasiness among competent and successful women as they see posts barred to others that were open to them.

Miss Hilda M. Lyon M.A., F.R.Ae.S., who from 1920 to 1930 was technical officer at the Royal Airship Works at Cardington, and whose outstanding merit was recognised by the award of the R38 Memorial Prize, is now doing important research work in the U.S.A. What chance have younger women to follow her?

The S.A. insult

WHY do men hate to see us in their preserves? There is no doubt that they strongly object to women sharing power.

No matter how efficient a woman may be, the silent but invincible sex-freemasonry of men will effectively bar her progress beyond a certain point.

The only power that men will submit to in a woman is the power of her sex-appeal, and the woman with brains enough to tackle a really big job is not usually the type who would pass a Hollywood S.A. test. When she is, then there *is* trouble!

Women are flooding the lower ranks, doing the routine jobs, taking less than the men, cutting their rates. I could understand it if the men fought that, and had the foresight to see that the woman got the same rate for the job as a man. But they don't.

Their jealousy is concentrated on the women who make good in the higher posts. It is for the jobs that matter that the hidden but bitter sex-struggle is being waged.

And I am not sure that the women are holding the ground they have won.

Heartbreak Day

IN countless homes all over England's fertile countryside this Good Friday is Black Friday. For it is Lady Day, when farm accounts must be met and tenancies renewed or given up.

The tragedy is that large numbers of those accounts will never be paid, and hundreds of tenancies will lapse.

That is certain from the startling revelations we make in this article concerning the parlous state into which the once prosperous farmsteads of England have been allowed to drift.

Facts collected by a JOHN BULL investigator are appalling. They disclose that nearly three hundred farms, or about half a million acres, are "to let." And thousands of workers, who make their living from the land, are faced with ruin.

Sir John Gilmour, the Minister of Agriculture, hopes that his Wheat Quota Bill will do something to stave off further disaster. But will it? Or is it too late?

That is what the man in the village street is asking. And it is what the man in the city street should be asking, too, for the cost to the community of the plight of our farms is his affair as well as the farmers'.

Every farm that goes out of cultivation means that so many more men are thrown on the labour market, that so many more men are forsaking the land to swell the ranks of those who are seeking employment in the towns and cities.

Let us take a symbolic example of what this tragedy of the deserted land means.

There is a pretty little village in the heart of Northamptonshire which is as lost and forsaken as if it were set down in the middle of a Western prairie.

The village is dead

A year ago it was a living place. It carried on the same busy, peaceful existence that English villages have known for centuries. It drew its life mainly from the five large farms which surrounded it and which had been in continued occupation for generations.

To-day the farmers are gone, the farmhouses empty, the stock and the implements sold. The village is dead.

Of the two small shops which it once boasted, one put up its shutters long ago; the other remains doing a precarious credit business. The 'bus service, which once linked the village to the market town a few miles away, proved an unprofitable proposition.

The farrier, wheelwright and the carpenter have departed, and with them most of the village's young men, who have thus broken their families' last link with the soil.

And this village of dreadful blight is no isolated example. The desolation which has affected it has been repeated in scores of villages up and down the countryside.

Last year there were 21,000 *fewer workers on the land below the age of twenty-one than the year before.*

That is an official figure, and in spite of its significance it has received scarcely any prominence at all in the debates of those who are engaged in doctoring up the farming industry.

It threatens, in national terms, the death of a great industry. If the young men go at the present rate there will soon be nobody left on the land except the old—nobody left to hand on the hard-learned arts of the land which, once lost, are not easily regained.

It means, in human terms, old homes broken up and no new homes created; villages deserted and dead. When the young men go, any community dies.

Look where you like over rural England you can find dozens of tragedies like that of the Midland village.

Near Ogbourne St. John, in Wiltshire, in the very centre of what was once one of the most prosperous farming districts in all England, is, or rather *was*, a village with the curious name of Snap. It is now almost completely abandoned.

A few years ago fifty or sixty families lived there, the men and their sons working on neighbouring farms. Now there are only two or three.

"For sale" tragedies

In Yorkshire, the East Riding particularly, there are many further examples. Skirlaugh is a village with a history going back hundreds of years. Its population is rapidly dwindling to nothing. Weaverthorpe and Killham (appropriate name) are others.

Suffolk has plenty of places which from being once thriving and secure can nowadays stand as models for Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Weatheringfett is one, Banham, in a famous barley-growing district, is another.

A casual glance at any country newspaper just now gives a plain hint as to the present position and what is likely to come.

Column after

Homely Wisdom by
CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Will—or Impulse?

A WELL-KNOWN specialist in mind-training has just been telling me that for strength of character and success in life it is far more important to be able to say "No" than to say "Yes."

I had not thought of this before, but I can see the truth of it. The man of power in any line of life is the man who knows how to deny himself.

It is far harder to restrain your desires than to cultivate concentration of purpose Plenty of people start out with the intention of reaching a definite goal, but only the few get there, and these are always individuals who can shut down on gratifications that would hinder the attainment of their object.

* * *

The clever student who cannot resist the temptation to throw aside his books and go out when the sun is shining, the tradesman who neglects his business for the sake of a hobby, the athlete who breaks into his regimen now and then in order to be sociable will never excel.

Habits harmless in themselves will quickly rule us if we let them.

"Just this once" we say when we want to do something very badly and are quite aware that it is unhealthy or that we cannot spare the time for it. "Just this once"—and we weakly repeat the action till at length we find that we have forged shackles for ourselves which we cannot break.

There is little that is worth winning in this world which does not require some renunciation as its price. Dreaming and drifting have never yet lifted anyone into the kingdom of heart's desire.

Winston Churchill could have been a first-rate bricklayer, a magnificent painter, or one of the greatest of our men of letters, but he knew he could not rise to the top in all of them. To become a statesman he had to sacrifice builder, artist, and writer.

* * *

A workman drank too much and hurt the wife he loved. As soon as he was sober he stood a bottle of beer on the bench where he worked. "Stay thou there," he said, "and we shall see which is master."

There it remained for many years untouched. He had pulled himself up on the very brink of disaster.

Manhood is measured by our mastery of ourselves.

"MAGNIFICENT"
—*Our Reader was Right!*

One of our readers who received a cheque from JOHN BULL after fire had destroyed some of his precious possessions, referred to JOHN BULL'S Insurance as "that magnificent scheme which is *different* from all others."

And he is right. Not only does it cover the *home* in a manner never attempted before, but it also pays every reader—who has been registered at the time of receiving benefit for three months or over—a SPECIAL BONUS OF 10%.

This dramatic innovation is without precedent in newspaper free insurance. It makes JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance more valuable than ever and places the scheme in a position of unparalleled supremacy. Further proof of this supremacy will be found on page 34, together with registration forms.

for the VILLAGERS

"FORCED from their homes, a melancholy train . . ."

Dreaded Lady Day draws nearer. The farmers talk about it hopelessly now, for unless a miracle happens, it will smash many a home, leave many a farm deserted, ominously silent . . .

column is filled by auctioneers' advertisements announcing in advance particulars of sales of farm implements which will take place on Lady Day.

In one Lincolnshire newspaper a few days ago, there appeared an announcement of *one* auctioneer who gave notice of no fewer than eighteen sales which he was handling within his area.

In another paper circulating in quite a small district twenty-eight farms were advertised for sale by auction on or about March 25.

Here is the position as disclosed in a survey undertaken by JOHN BULL showing the situation county by county.

In Yorkshire 20 per cent. of the farms are in the market.

One agent in the East Riding, who manages an estate of ten farms of about 300 acres each, has three of them to let. Of the remainder, four are in arrears of rent, and three have failed to pay any rent for more than a year.

There have been no fewer than five changes of tenancy among the farms on this estate during the past two years.

No hope . . .

Lincolnshire is in an even worse plight, and at a conservative estimate it is reckoned that there are about 120,000 acres of good farming land to let, with no takers.

On one large estate comprising about fourteen farms the agent estimates that 50 per cent. will be unlet after Lady Day. Six of his farms have already been advertised without success for a year.

On another group of farms totalling about 12,500 acres the total 1931 rent paid by quarter day last October was £2 5s. On yet another estate of about 7,000 acres, eight of the farms, totalling 4,783 acres, or more than half, are let rent free.

Even so, four of these farms will be vacant on Lady Day, and the agents have no hope of letting them.

According to information from professional sources, almost a quarter of the available farming land in some of the best districts of Lincolnshire is already being let rent free for periods of two to three years.

But, even so, most of these agents state that they have little or no chance of securing tenants.

One estate, which two years ago was cut up into small holdings, received in 1930 fifty-one applications for holdings.

The tenancies of many of these have expired or have been given up by the tenants and never renewed. During the last twelve months *only eight fresh applications have been received* for what is admitted to be very fine land.

On a Northamptonshire estate of ten farms, 2,000 acres, or over two-thirds of it, are vacant. One 300-acre farm was offered rent free for two years. Only a few years ago the farmhouse, outbuildings and land cost £5,000.

The prospective tenant, to whom it was offered rent free, agreed to take it *if the landlord would allow him £5 an acre for the first year, or, in other words, make him a loan of £1,500!*

The financing of farmers by landowners is going on over wide areas of the agricultural counties as a last desperate resort.

One farm of about 600 acres in Lincolnshire, once let for 50s. a week, is now let rent free for three years, the condition being that the landlord invested £2,000, reclaiming his money back only if at the end of three years a profit was shown in excess of that amount.

Rent-free proposals and financial support are offered to save the land from being spoiled through abandonment, because it costs £10 an acre to bring derelict land back into a fit state for cultivation.

Save them!

In parts of Berkshire, Bucks and Oxon, "To Let" and "For Sale" boards have been standing for the past two years without results. Hampshire is a favoured county and so is Somerset, but here again farms are to let in considerable numbers.

In Surrey, vast areas on the southern side of the North Downs are becoming derelict. In one district two-thirds of the farms are let out rent free.

Many farmers have been in arrears with their rents for upwards of two years and have been financed by the landlords. Even so, four tenancies expire this Lady Day without renewal.

Yes, Lady Day is Heartbreak Day in thousands of farm and village homes all over the countryside.

Their future, as our sensational figures show, is indeed black. Or is there reasonable hope that Sir John Gilmour's Bill will change the outlook? That is what is being asked in hundreds of dying villages to-day.

Daddy's lunch. Hundreds of the people of the land realise that it means disaster to them if the farmer cannot pay his bills

The Human Machine

The Unknown Hero

WALKING about somewhere to-day is an Unknown Hero, someone quite unconscious of his heroism, someone whose name history will never record, but a real hero none the less.

He is the man who, not so long ago, must have squared his shoulders, grinned cheerfully, and told his neighbour that after all things were not so bad as people were saying. It's a pity he can't be discovered and created Minister of Optimism, for from his cheerful word and cheery smile has begun to spread a general atmosphere of hope.

Things never were as bad as they were made out to be. Things never are as bad as that. But cheerfulness and gloom are equally contagious, and for months we all went about with long faces telling each other how hopeless everything was, and making everybody as miserable as ourselves.

Now, because someone had a bit more spirit and pluck than the rest, we're all doing just the opposite. We're all feeling that changed atmosphere, and we're all looking forward to the better times we feel positive are coming along.

ARE we being just as silly as we were before? Most emphatically no! For cheerfulness and hope and optimism depend entirely on our will to achieve and practise them; and once we begin to practise them we tap the sources of mental and spiritual power that enable us to get ahead and do something without waiting for someone else to begin.

Society having learned wisdom by bitter experience, it now makes certain deadly diseases "notifiable," and it keeps people suffering from them isolated until they are better. It no longer risks the indiscriminate spreading of illness.

Some day we may have the sense to treat unfounded gloom and pessimism for the dangerous diseases they are, recognise the incalculable damage they can do, and isolate those indulging in them as dangers to their fellows. Meanwhile we can all anticipate such a state of affairs by refusing to catch the disease.

For it costs nothing to smile and to hope.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S

Open Letter to

C. B. COCHRAN

How you do get away with it!

DEAR COCHRAN,—Although it is only seven or eight years since, under the title of "When the Tent Falls In," I wrote very frankly the story of the collapse, not only of your circus tent, but your fortunes, I now see that, within a few weeks, you will have your name plastered in large letters outside no fewer than four of London's largest theatres.

Your come-back as a showman is unequalled in the history of amusement enterprise.

Upon this, I must congratulate you. I know no one else who could survive such a sea of troubles.

But you have thousands of admirers. Even when you seemed to be drowning, crowds of people saw you from the beach and shouted, "Good old Charlie."

You found a few old spars on to which you clung. You made of them a raft, and, now, you are safely afloat in four liners all at once. *But are they liners or penny-a-liners?*

For your success has been obtained at the expense of more Press independence than any newspaper peer ever crushed.

You have destroyed criticism. You have turned what seemed to be a quite honest crowd of newspaper critics into a gang of bleating sycophants, who cheer at everything you do, who praise even your failures.

* * *

Everything you do, whether you do it or not, I read, every day, has "the Cochran touch."

I see, outside "The Cat and the Fiddle," in small letters, at the bottom of some of the bills, the acknowledgment that this American play was "Staged by William Mollison."

Yet I find, in the newspapers, scarcely a reference to him. In paper after paper, I see more eulogies of you. Anyone would think that you wrote the music and the book. Anyone would think that it was all your work. Your name is on the top of the poster: "C. B. Cochran Presents."

And so "The Cat and the Fiddle" receives the same tremendous outburst of frantic applause that greeted the production of "Cavalcade" at Drury Lane and "Helen!" at the Adelphi—everything, indeed, on which you put your name.

You, yourself, ejected me from the first night of "Dover Street to Dixie," because I had opposed the wholesale importation of coloured artists, at a critical time.

When we made it up for a time, because, underneath it all, we have long rather admired each other, I soon expressed my honest criticism of details in "Bitter Sweet"—even the amazing blatancy that Noel Coward would make a quarter of a million pounds out of it was taken seriously by other newspaper men!—and the consequence was that I was barred the next show. And I have been barred ever since.

When, referring to "Cavalcade," one of my successors dared to say that it was not as good as he first thought, that on the first night he had been "dazzled," you barred him admission to your next show in Manchester.

Then, when another of my successors, seeing "Cavalcade" rather late, said it "bored" him, he got barred, too.

Why do newspapers stand this sort of thing from you?

Now, in a few weeks, when you have staged "The Miracle," over which a lot of money was lost last time, we shall all be expected to say that Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, who, some years ago, played the part of the Madonna in America, is the most beautiful woman in England. Most of us will do so. I shall not. All the newspaper writers will become ecstatic. Never will there have been so divine a face!

Lady Diana is a very good-looking woman, as we all know, but I notice other good-looking women about—yes, even in the factories.

Lady Diana is not as young as she was. Nor, my dear Charlie, are even you, or I. But, as we get older, we ought to get wiser.

Yet you, the other day, invited to a large luncheon all the strange people who think it so smart and clever to go to your first nights. They did not know why they had been asked. They thought you were going to take a rabbit out of Reinhardt's hat, or something of that sort. But, to their amazement, you christened a cask of sherry!

Within a few minutes, two of your guests were rushing out to find me, to say, "Well, Cochran's *done* it this time."

But no, we are so used to your extravagances that we let you do anything.

The world has forgotten that, after you had announced that, having had trouble with boxers at the Holborn Stadium, you said you would never stage another fight. When, changing your mind, you managed the Milligan-Walker fight, they cheered you on. They have forgotten how you dropped professional lawn tennis.

One day, you are never going to do anything again. The next day, you are going to do it more than ever.

Now, we all change our minds. We all make plans, and then alter them—yes, even politicians.

* * *

But nobody, except yourself, is allowed to boast of it both ways. Nobody ever points out your inconsistence.

Charlie, Fleet Street is afraid of you! What on earth is there to be afraid of?

Even when you staged that cruel Rodeo at the Wembley Exhibition—the R.S.P.C.A. prosecution resulted in an acquittal by only seven votes to five—they cheered on something that degraded a great Imperial idea. They would cheer you if you staged a bull-fight! They would cheer if you stood on your head.

Years ago, you banged your drum so loudly that you burst it. Since then, you have discarded a parchment drum and used sounding brass.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE,
Buckingham Palace

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—No one wants to ban a work of literary ability which touches on the vexed matter of sex, but the trash which is written on the subject, mainly with a view to exciting an unnatural interest and to achieve big sales, comes in rightfully for your condemnation.

Your suggestion that such works are affected with gangrene is very definitely to the point, and the lead you have given will undoubtedly have a good and, I hope, lasting effect. JOHN BULL.

Miss PEARSON,
16, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1

DEAR MADAM,—After forty-two years' service as lady superintendent of the Home Hospitals Association, you have retired, and tribute has been paid to your wonderful administrative capabilities by Sir John Bland-Sutton, who also said you were equally capable of assisting at a major operation or of acting as your own clerk of the works.

I hope your years of retirement will be many and happy. JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE,
Secretary of State for India

DEAR SIR SAMUEL,—You have been exhibiting your prowess as a skater in the West End of London, and the object of the exhibition—that of assisting a former ice-rink instructor who was crippled about eighteen months ago—is most commendable.

You are over fifty years of age, but I hear that your skating ability is that of a man of half those years.

Good work, sir; but about India—quite a few people are skating on thin ice in that quarter. It requires strong skaters to deal with the problem. Maybe you'll show the way?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P.,
Great Smith Street, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—The light aeroplane club in which you are about to qualify as a pilot must be proud of you.

At present you do not draw your Parliamentary salary. But you have promised to take it and hand it over to the club if its Air Ministry subsidy is not increased to keep it going.

The Treasury may not like it, but it is a sporting gesture. Good luck to you when you get your "wings"!

JOHN BULL.

Councillor P. J. KNIGHT,
Harrogate

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Sunday play is an attraction only to the misguided, the sacrilegious, and hooligans, you told your fellow-members of the Harrogate Town Council when it refused to allow Sunday play on the municipal tennis courts.

Another councillor said that the whole country awaited Harrogate's decision and that "the future welfare of England is at stake."

Well, you have certainly given the country a fine example of bigotry and self-importance.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. EDWIN SMITH,
Hammersmith Coroner, London

DEAR DR SMITH,—The whole country endorses your severe criticism of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, West London.

When a motor-driver arrived with a badly-burned baby, he was told by the matron to take it to the nearest doctor. The child died and, at the inquest you held, the jury said the hospital staff was guilty of some negligence.

Some negligence! I cannot remember a graver scandal affecting one of Britain's hospitals, of most of which we are rightly proud.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Wiltshire Public Assistance Committee

DEAR SIR,—Very rightly, Wiltshire has no sympathy for runaway husbands.

Your offer of £1 reward for information of the whereabouts of men who, deserting their wives or families, have left them chargeable to the Poor Law should bring home to many of them the fact that they are fugitives from justice.

I hope other counties will follow suit.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER DAVIES,
Ealing Police Court

DEAR SIR,—I shall not forget your callousness in sending a woman of seventy-eight to prison for failing to pay her rates, nor the fact that you allowed a rate collector in court to refer to her disrespectfully.

This old lady, Mrs. Alice Little, lost a soldier son during the war, while another son served in the Navy. It is a poor reward for a mother's sacrifice to be imprisoned for five days for a trumpery civil debt.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. E. NICOL,
Cathcart Road, Glasgow

DEAR MRS. NICOL,—I can imagine your horror at seeing smoke pouring from the window of a room where you thought your child was playing.

Dashing upstairs and through a wall of flame, you were badly burned while frantically searching for your little one, who fortunately was not in the house.

I salute this fresh example of a mother's courage and devotion, and hope you will quickly recover from your injuries.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT MUMBY,
Manchester

DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years you have been saving to pay your creditors 20s. in the £, and now, at the age of eighty, you have achieved your purpose.

I commend your honesty and patient endeavour. My one regret is that the annulment of your bankruptcy was opposed by a single creditor who wanted interest on his money. Such a Shylock deserved to lose, and the application was very properly granted.

JOHN BULL.

Where is LLOYD GEORGE Going?

by A. G. Gardiner

WHETHER to friend or foe, Mr. Lloyd George is still so much the liveliest entertainer on the political music-hall stage that his reappearance at Westminster is an event of extraordinary popular interest.

No one in the public life of this generation, or perhaps of any generation, has had such a sprightly wit, such an inexhaustible flow of quips and cranks, of flouts and jeers, or ridicule and banter.

He always has the laugh with him, and whether in the House of Commons or on the platform, he plays with his audience as a skilful angler plays with a trout. You may disagree with him, distrust him, fear him, but you cannot help enjoying him. If politics were simply an entertainment he would rule the world.

And it is pleasant to find that he has come back in the pink of condition and in full possession of his high spirits and his gift of raillery.

The House of Commons will be a livelier place for his presence.

The evil of the present Parliament is its lack of balance. It is top-heavy with Toryism and needs the corrective of a vigilant and powerful criticism that cannot be brushed aside as negligible.

He wants power

Mr. Lloyd George will supply that corrective, not only because he has the ear of the House of Commons, but because he has the ear of the country. In the popular slang, he can "put it across."

In that sense his return to public life will be a success. But it is not a mere dialectical success that he wants. He wants power, and the most-discussed personal question in politics is whether he can get it.

On the one side it is held that he is a spent force, who has run through his political fortune and is doomed henceforth to be a mere free-lance on the stage, feared because of his unrivalled swordsmanship, but incapable of ever mobilising an army again.

On the other it is argued that the present chaotic condition of politics provides an opportunity perfectly suited to his gifts of public appeal and of manipulating men and situations.

Much depends on the course of events. If trade should take a turn for the better and the world outlook improves, the Government would get the credit of the change and would be invulnerable to attack. The most powerful assailant would become a mere fly on the wheel.

But if the present paralysis continues, and at the end of the year things are worse than they were at the beginning, there will be a violent revulsion of feeling, and anything may happen in the political world.

It is that possibility on which Mr. Lloyd George is calculating.

He is, above all things, an opportunist. But for the misfortune that put him out of action at the moment of the crisis last summer he would certainly have been in the present Government. The fact that his son, Major Gwillym Lloyd George, took a minor office in Mr. MacDonald's first National Government is evidence of that.

And had he been in the Government I do not think he would have found any difficulty in accommodating himself to its policy. He was himself, like Mr. MacDonald to-day, once at the head of a predominantly Conservative Government, and only became a penitent Prodigal Son of Liberalism when the Tories turned him out.

Certainly Protection would not have stuck in his throat, for he has never mastered the Free Trade argument, and I do not think ever sincerely believed in the Free Trade cause.

It is an open secret that both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin welcomed the opportunity of forming a Ministry without Mr. Lloyd George, for the one fears him and the other distrusts him. Indeed, Mr. Baldwin is credited with having made a solemn vow never to be in ministerial harness again with Mr. Lloyd George. Sich, as Mrs. Gamp would say, is the love he bears him.

The most formidable obstacle that Mr. Lloyd George had to overcome if he was to stage an effective "come back" was the fact that he had no Party. In Asquith's phrase, he "assassinated" the Liberal Party in the Coupon Election of 1918, and it has never recovered from the blow.

It has since been hammered between the upper and the nether millstones of Toryism and Labour, and, though it is still a force in the country and can unmake Ministries, it is not strong enough to make them.

The Lloyd George of ten years ago. But now—has the Wizard lost his magic?

Least noxious pill

But such as it is, it is now at Mr. Lloyd George's command. All the Old Guard of Liberalism distrust him, but with their own leaders, Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman and Sir Herbert Samuel, members of a Government that has destroyed Free Trade, they are between the devil and the deep sea.

If they do not like Mr. Lloyd George, they like Protection still less, and they are prepared to swallow the one in their detestation of the other.

In remaining in the Government, in fact, the Liberal leaders have made a present of the rank-and-file of the Party to their most bitter assailant.

It is a great joke to hear the author of the Coupon Election of 1918 denouncing the Samuels and Simons for working with the Conservatives. But such is politics. And such is Mr. Lloyd George.

With the Liberals as a nucleus, Mr. Lloyd George turns his eye on the Labour benches. They are very thinly populated in these days, but the Party is powerful in the country. And what is equally important, it is bankrupt of leadership.

By hook or by crook, it must find someone who can give it inspiration and momentum, and no one who has heard the Labour Party cheering Mr. Lloyd George in the House while their own leaders sat glum and unhappy, can doubt that he could fill the part.

"Out of chaos—"

I venture to say that when Mr. Lloyd George has got into his stride in his place beside Mr. Lansbury on the Front Opposition bench he will be the most popular voice Labour has had in Parliament. He will be saying just the things they think and want said and have not been able to say themselves.

And this is not all. Mr. Lloyd George does not believe in having only one string to his bow. The more strings the better.

Read his speech at St. Ermin's Hotel and you will see how skilfully he baited his hook for the younger and more enlightened Tories and you will understand why one Tory member who was there came away convinced that here was the man who could make things ship-shape.

Do you see the sort of landscape that is taking shape in L.G.'s mind? I think I do.

He sees the world in chaos. He sees the Parties in chaos. He sees that anything may happen. He may yet be the Man of Destiny again—the Man Who Won the War reincarnated. He may yet, in another storm, be the centre of a personal Government, to which all Parties contribute and which no Party controls. In a word, 1916-22 again, with himself at the helm and, perhaps, with Winston Churchill as Chief Officer.

I do not think that history will thus repeat itself. But it is an incalculable world. And we cannot be quite sure that Lloyd George's star has set.

Not from the B.B.C.:

The Autocracy of MRS. GRUNDY

YOU'VE seen my picture, you know my name,
For many a year has fled
Since I started playing the killjoy game.
Though thousands have wished me dead,
I care not tuppence for threats or blame—
And the Law gives me my head!

At home alike on the land and sea,
My way I mostly get;
For Mrs. Grundy, my dears—that's me—
Is a doughty soul, you bet.
Though not as young as she used to be,
There's life in the old girl yet!

If ridicule could kill, both I and my war baby, "Dora," would have kicked the bucket long ago, whereas we are busy kicking the shins of anybody who seeks enjoyment of which we disapprove.

Not only am I alive, but I am likely soon to be very busy; for a speech made in the House by Mr. Neville Chamberlain warns me that misguided people are plotting to revolt against my rule.

In urging Britons to spend their holidays in Britain, Mr. Chamberlain said that a good deal was being done to improve the amenities of our resorts.

When I heard that word "amenities" my upper lip stiffened, I raised my lorgnette with a disapproving gesture, and my hand instinctively sought my trusty umbrella—my friend in many a fierce battle.

"Amenities," indeed! I can guess what that means. Bathing at all hours! Freedom of choice in the matter of costume!!. Sunday lawn-tennis!!! And heaven knows what other forms of sinfulness!!!!

I shouldn't be surprised—no, indeed, I shouldn't—if some misguided seaside licensing justices even went to the length of allowing people to quench their disgusting thirsts after 10 p.m.!

I tremble to think what my dear daughter "Dora" would say if such a thing happened. I can already see the tears gathering in her poor, short-sighted eyes while she wrings her mittened hands in an agony of maidenly apprehension.

Believe me, if our seaside resorts are to be kept fit for vinegary spinsters to mope in, we girls of the watchdog breed must stand shoulder to shoulder and gamp to gamp!

What is all this talk about "amenities"
Needed by our English coastal towns?
It means, I fear, encouraging obscenities—
Uncensored drinks and sleeveless bathing-gowns!
And, since I can't a-bear
Pleasures which I do not share,
They will naturally earn my darkest frowns.

When I sternly stalk abroad in my elastic-sided boots, a brolly in my hand,
And call for regulations, drear and drastic,
A pall of gloom descends upon the land.
But I do not mind the sneers
Of the pagans and their jeers,
Since I generally gain what I demand.

An England wearing handcuffs and straitjacketed,
A muffled body and a censored soul;
A land in which all joys with sins are bracketed,
And laughter ceases at the curfew's toll—
This is my noble aim,
And if you but play my game
I shall certainly at last achieve my goal!

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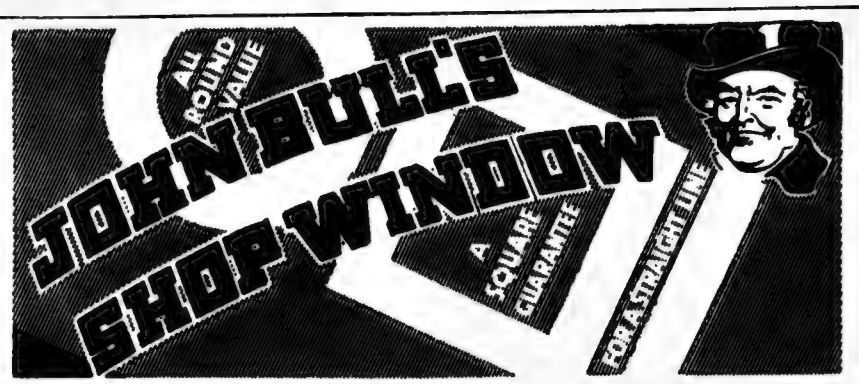

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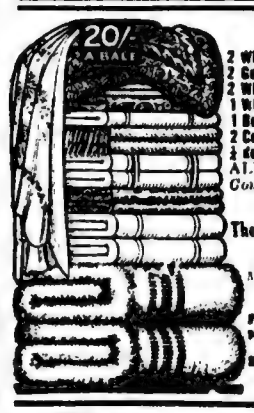

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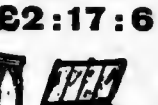
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Please send me Illustrations and particulars (Write in CAPITAL letters, using a pencil.)
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£80,000,000 EMPIRE WIRELESS SENSATION

THE last stone was recently laid to one of London's wonder buildings—a luxurious, all-white, million-pound colossus of modernity on the Victoria Embankment; and though not yet occupied it is haunted by the ghosts of many lost hopes.

Urgent State and Empire interests are at stake; numerous Government departments and officials are involved; thousands of investors are affected and millions of money are in the balance. A national scandal is in the offing.

It has all arisen out of the discovery of Beam Wireless—the system of sending messages in a given direction from short-wave stations, costing only about £30,000 to erect against the million or more required for high-power stations.

An Empire conference

Cable companies, faced with alarming competition, appealed to the Government to come to their rescue in the interests of the Empire, and in 1928 a conference of all the Empire Governments was held.

After over thirty meetings, attended by all the high Ministers of State from every part of the world, it was decided that cables, being still necessary for commercial and strategic purposes, must be saved.

Cables, wireless and all long-distance communications, it was urged, must be rationalised to secure "unity of control and unity of direction."

The outcome was the formation of two companies to keep England the communication centre of the world—Cables and Wireless, Ltd., and the Imperial and International Communications, Ltd.

Both were launched under the patronage of the Government, which nominated two directors of the then twenty-four and appointed an Imperial Advisory Committee to control various financial questions. Never have more distinguished people graced a company's board of directors.

They included the Rt. Hon. Lord Inverforth, P.C.; Mr. J. C. Denison-Pender; the Rt. Hon. F. G. Kellaway—once Postmaster-General; the Rt. Hon. Earl of Midleton, K.C., P.C.; Sir Charles C. Barrie, K.B.E.; Sir Basil P. Blackett, K.C.B.; the Earl of Inchcape; the Marchese G. Marconi; the Hon. George Peel, D.L., J.P., and Admiral H. W. Grant, C.B.—all men of sterling quality, sitting on the boards of both companies.

But few of them have had any real or practical experience of cables or wireless telegraphy, though they were paid fees equal to salaries which might reasonably be drawn by executive experts of world-wide practical knowledge.

From the inception of these two companies, with a dual issued capital of £80,000,000, financial experts viewed their formation with misgivings in spite of the fact that they received Governmental blessing and support.

Vanished millions

Only four years have passed, yet disaster has reigned from the outset; money has been expended in the most optimistic fashion and much of it lost in circumstances which, for the future welfare of these great undertakings, call for immediate public investigation by experts of the highest skill.

Grave are the facts which to-day have to be faced by every individual interested in this £80,000,000 Combine. For so serious has the financial position become that the days of dividends are—for the time being, at any rate—past and a whittling down of the company's stock is inevitable, despite the directors' past optimistic assurances.

Last July, when the chairman of one of the companies made a most depressing speech, regretting that promised dividends could not be paid, he shed one ray of hope.

He and his colleagues had, he said, been faced with insurmountable difficulties in administration because the staffs of the various undertakings merged in the £80,000,000 Combine were scattered in different offices.

"But I am glad to inform you that the work of the new Victoria Embankment property is proceeding satisfactorily," he added. "By the time we meet next year the administration will have been transferred to that building with resulting benefits both of economy and of the smooth working of more centralised management."

The time for the next meeting has not arrived, but the fine building, specially designed to meet the Combine's unique requirements by Sir Herbert Baker, the famous architect, has been abandoned on the eve of completion and is now up for sale!

Strange economy

The financial affairs of the Combine are in such a parlous state that the directors cannot take upon themselves the responsibility of even *occupying* the offices they have had specially built for them for the "benefit" of *administration and economy*.

The investors are now faced with the fact that this fine building, about which they were promised so much, may never realise anything like the amount that has been expended upon it.

But let us trace events back a little. The situation, which was frankly described by the chairman last year as "disastrous," has indeed become hopeless. In 1930 the profits of one of the companies fell by £829,840 to £326,000; and the other company only managed to pay its preference dividend by raiding the reserve fund of £200,000.

In a frantic but belated effort to effect an economy the directors have cut their own fees and expenses; and between 1,500 and 1,600 unnecessary officials have been dispensed with.

They reduced their own much overweighted board of directors from twenty-two to fourteen, but paid compensation of nearly £11,000 for "loss of office" to those directors who had to go.

The closing down of one practically derelict branch of their scheme lost a mere hundred thousand pounds or so.

How has all this come about? The directors' answer to this question is a statement that is given with marked monotony these days when companies are in difficulties—"the world crisis."

Undoubtedly this has had its effect on the Combine's present position; but it cannot be blamed for mistakes made by lack of vision or the fact that excessive payments were made for old cable companies and for two obsolete cables belonging to the Post Office which carried only thirty-five words a minute against the 500 words a minute of cables now being laid!

It rented stations from the General Post Office for £250,000 a year, although these stations cost only £160,000 to erect and equip.

These facts are illuminating when we reveal that in taking over these stations it left the Post Office with the right to operate wireless telephony.

This means that one day, at cheaper rates, and with the advantage of speedy verbal communication instead of the slower, written message, Post Office wireless telephony will prove a keen competitor to the wireless telegraph.

At last year's general meeting investors were placated by another consoling statement to the effect that a special committee, presided over by "three gentlemen whose names will inspire confidence throughout the Empire," had been set up to enquire into the whole disastrous position and to make recommendations for remedying it.

Growing worse

But the months just pass and the situation grows steadily worse.

Why are the findings of this committee not published?

Dividends this year are more distant than ever.

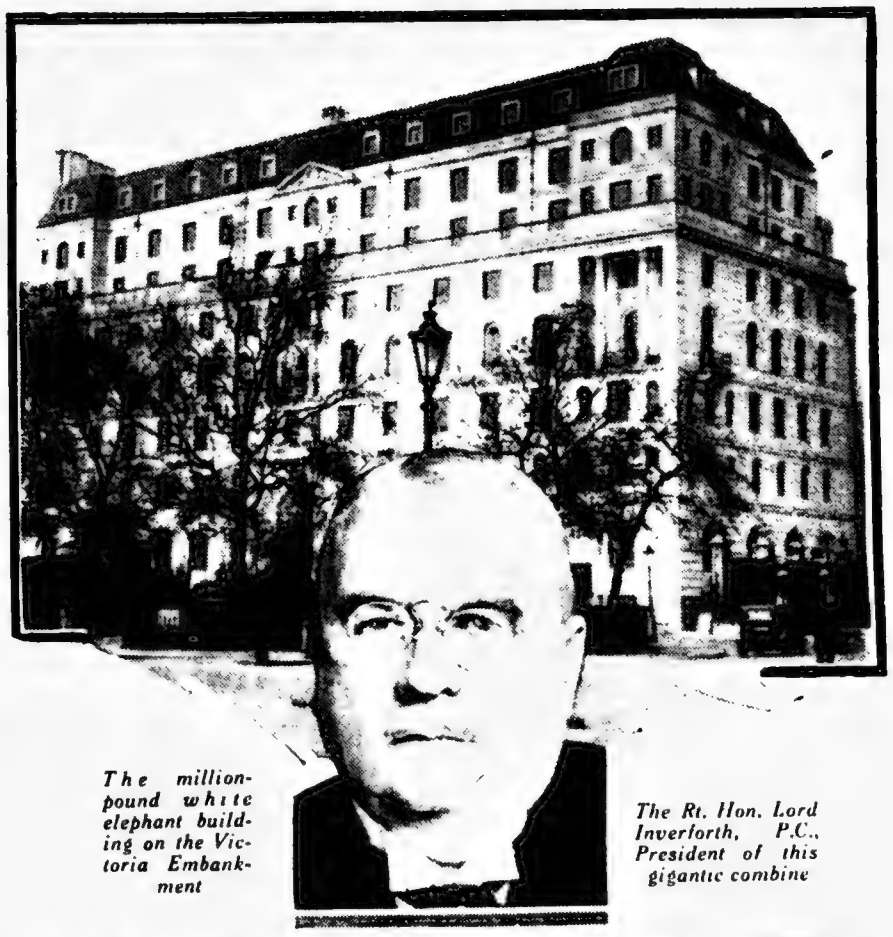
Experts declare that the Combine can never recover unless something in the nature of a miracle happens.

The truth is that a gigantic blunder was made in the beginning and the whole project was launched on misconceived lines.

What is now necessary is a complete reconstruction of the Combine, with reduced capital. A public utility corporation should be organised to include the present Combine under a small working board of skilled directors.

Otherwise the slide to disaster will continue.

We look for two things immediately. The publication of the secret committee's report and the establishment of a public enquiry of competent officials with the object of averting further disaster.



The million-pound white elephant building on the Victoria Embankment

The Rt. Hon. Lord Inverforth, P.C., President of this gigantic combine

HE WILLED TO WIN!

A PREMONITION of success filled the heart of a JOHN BULL reader as he sealed an envelope containing a crossword solution. A few days later he opened another envelope to find himself a sole winner of our Crossword Competition No. 155 and the happy owner of a fortune of £1,250.

He is Mr H. G. Mullender, of 255, Saltwell Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne, who will share his prize with his friend and co-competitor, Mr. Charles Roberts, of 9, Ravensworth Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

Every week for eighteen months they have sat down together to enter the Crossword Competition.

* * *

"It was the happiest surprise I ever had in my life," said Mr. Mullender; "but," he added, "I knew I was sure to get it some time.

"I have never once despaired or relaxed in my determination to win this handsome prize.

"As Mr. Roberts and I filled in the coupons I remarked, 'That's the winning solution this time,' and sure enough it was.

"It is a fortune that has come at the right moment of life for both of us. Charlie and I were workmates together as compositors, but now Charlie has retired.

"I am still a young man with a growing family.

* * *

"How do I do these things? It's like everything else—a method is required.

"First of all, we study the character of the compiler, as can undoubtedly be revealed in an intensive scrutiny of the competition.

"No: it's no use trying one week and then waiting to see if it has met with success. You must stick to it every week, or otherwise the task is as difficult as when you began."

Mr. Mullender's thirteen - year - old daughter is also a JOHN BULL Crossword enthusiast, and has entered into a race with her daddy for another big prize.

Who will get there first? Perhaps the senior or perhaps the junior—but why not *you*! See page 32.

THE
HEAVYWEIGHT

Cadbury's 2d. milk bar is now increased in weight—you get more for your money. There is as much chocolate in five 2d. wrapped bars to-day as there was in six bars in 1930.

Made with full-cream BRITISH milk.

QUALITY UNCHANGED Cadbury's 1d and ½d. milk bars also increased in weight.

"Terrible Cough . . practically gone . . after *two* applications"

"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation.

"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. Within a few days he was perfectly fit again.

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it. I think it is a splendid preparation."

Yours faithfully (Mrs.) J.M.S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND.
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AMAZING OFFER
BLUE SERGE SUITS

SEND ONLY 2/6

We have purchased the entire output of a Lancashire Mill, comprising hundreds of pieces of Blue Indigo Serge, which has been made up into Men's Suits. This enables us to sell at the amazingly low price of 55/-. Each Suit is well cut and made by James Best's highly paid tailors in a smart single or double breasted style. Guaranteed Fast Dye. A suit that will be proud to wear. Obtainable on the most generous Credit Terms in the country.

JAMES BEST'S Price 55/- Please state height and Chest Measurements when ordering.

PRICE 55/-

Send for Patterns of Better Quality Suits.

HOW YOU PAY. Deposit 2/6 and 6d. for postage. Immediate Delivery of Suit. Pay Balance by Fortnightly instalments of 4/-.

JAMES BEST LIMITED

Mark your Envelope or Postcard (DEPT. J.B.G.)

24-26, FEATHERSTONE ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

The MAN with TWENTY "BRIDES"

All unknowingly, the jeweller paid for the love crook's courting . . . .

THAT matrimonial agencies constitute a grave menace is shown by the fact that one of the most polished criminals now at large makes a practice of finding his women victims through this medium.

He is Gerald Fitzgerald. At least, that is a favourite name by which he passes, though his aliases and poses are endless.

Sometimes he adopts the prefix "The Honourable" or "Sir"; sometimes he poses as a Scottish laird, while on occasion he has even boasted descent from a famous barony.

One of his latest victims is a woman who answered an advertisement in a paper published by a matrimonial agency in London, believing it to be genuine.

Actually, it had been inserted by Fitzgerald, who described himself for the occasion as a bachelor of good education, with a handsome income, anxious to make the acquaintance of a lady of refinement.

At an initial meeting in the lounge of one of the most fashionable West End hotels, Gerald Fitzgerald made a profound impression.

Tall, well-spoken and of distinguished appearance, he gave the impression of being a successful business man.

Betrothal changed him

His manner was most gracious and charming, and at subsequent meetings he confided that though he drew most of his income from investments abroad, he kept in touch with one or two businesses in London as he did not believe in stagnating.

In support of his various assertions he displayed business letters from important firms, including one famous shipping company in which he said he was interested.

Once or twice he also showed his new companion letters he was supposed to have received from his solicitors regarding his foreign investments.

When he had cultivated this woman's friendship for some little time he proposed marriage, and, believing him to be the prosperous man of affairs he pretended he was, she finally consented.

From the moment of their betrothal the affairs of the debonair Mr. Fitzgerald underwent a dramatic change.

Various companies in which he had sunk money started to show disappointing results. He was bowed down with the worry of it all, he declared.

Concerns which had formerly prospered were finding it difficult to weather the storm of economic depression; dividends were not forthcoming.

To make matters worse, the trustees of his estate were abroad and a considerable part of his income was being held up.

He hesitated to approach any of his influential friends for a loan, even though his difficulties were only temporary. But he would have to do something, he supposed, because he had committed himself by backing a bill for over £1,000, which was now due.

Making love to money

By the time he unfolded this convincing story he had already ascertained that his fiancée possessed a modest fortune of £1,000 or so, and he induced her to advance him £600 without any difficulty.

He reported to her that things were looking ever so much brighter, but that he was not quite out of the wood. In this way he secured the balance of this woman's fortune.

Then, when their wedding had practically been fixed, and Fitzgerald had led his dupe to believe that his affairs were straightening out, he disappeared.

The disillusioned woman was left to discover gradually that his entire story was false; that he had repeatedly made love to other women, whom he had similarly robbed, and that he had left a formidable bill unpaid at his hotel.

The truth is that Fitzgerald has preyed upon women in this heartless fashion for years; he has a thousand plausible stories on the tip of his tongue.

He is "a shipping magnate"; he is "interested in some valuable patents"; an "influential relative in South Africa has left him a handsome legacy"; he is "an expert dealer in precious stones." . . .

The confidence of some women is won by the generous manner in which he showers gifts of jewellery upon them; but before the end of their association he invariably contrives to get back the bulk of it, pleading that he must pledge it for a loan to tide him over temporary difficulties.

He says they shall have more costly and finer presents when he has "turned the corner." He certainly turns the corner all right, but he neglects to come back.

The jewel trick

And here we can shed a sidelight upon the way in which all the jewellery he handles originally comes into his possession.

With impressive, printed notepaper he establishes himself in some provincial town as a "diamond merchant," and obtains precious stones and jewellery of all kinds "on approval," giving the names of solicitors in other towns for references.

If these references are taken up they invariably prove satisfactory—for the time being—because Fitzgerald pens his own testimonials. The supposed solicitors are merely further aliases for himself, and by using accommodation addresses he effectively covers up his tracks.

One of his women victims—there are at least a score of them—is a Birmingham widow, who knew him as Donald Sutherland.

He told her that he was a jeweller, and painted rosy pictures of a combined love-nest and jewellery business of their own, where they could settle happily together.

With his usual eloquence he induced her to entrust her savings to him, telling her that it was to be used for their mutual benefit. Once the money was in his hands he decamped.

When paying ardent suit to a Manchester woman, his eagerness to gain control of her money actually led him to keep his promise of marriage.

He was then passing as Allan Cameron, a "wealthy bachelor from Johannesburg," and conveniently forgot that he was already married to a woman he had similarly duped and deserted.

When posing as a laird, he speaks enthusiastically of his vast estates in Scotland, but the truth is that he began life as an assistant in a dingy South London bakery.

Polished, but no gem

His rise to his present criminal heights has been rapid, but he has acquired polish by the way, at the same time discarding his real name of Herbert Wilkins.

He lives a life of luxury, purely at the expense of his dupes.

One can understand their reluctance to take any action against him; but we would earnestly appeal to those who know him to brave the terrors of publicity and give wholehearted support to the police.

Failure to do so will mean that Wilkins, alias Fitzgerald, alias Sutherland, can go on preying upon unsuspecting women with continued success. He has already enjoyed immunity far too long.

Growls *from the* Grille

WIDESPREAD dissatisfaction exists among sub-postmasters concerning their pay and conditions of work, and this Easter they are meeting in London to discuss their grievances. And no wonder.

For selling £1 worth of postage stamps a sub-postmaster receives only twopence. For selling or cashing a postal order he gets ½d. Each £1 worth of insurance stamps sold brings him in ½d.; for accepting a parcel he gets 3-16ths of a penny. A small "cost of living bonus" is added to these figures.

As 21,000 out of the 22,000 post offices in this country are sub-post offices, it is clear that by far the largest amount of postal work is conducted by them. Yet 8,000 offices yield less than £1 a week profit for those conducting them.

Recently the sub-postmaster of a Derbyshire office resigned because he discovered that he was subsidising the Post Office to the extent of 4d. a week!

An interesting case is now being fought by the National Federation of Sub-Postmasters. Some time ago, a sub-postmistress mislaid a book of licence forms. She had to pay £10 out of her own money to adjust the accounts. Now, after eleven years, the book of forms has been discovered wedged behind a drawer in the safe.

The repayment of the £10, is, however, being disputed on the grounds that official records have been destroyed and there is no definite proof that the postmistress paid the £10.

There is no annual holiday, and the sub-postmaster gets no pension of the kind awarded to other Government servants. Even for forty or fifty years' service there is no recognition.

A Rector Apologises

IT was recently our painful duty to refer to the un-Christian refusal of the Rev. Connop Miles to grant burial privileges to Henry Watling, the oldest member of his parish of Sparham, in Norfolk.

This man's exclusion in death from a church in which he had been baptised and which he had attended in life caused two generations of Mr. Watling's descendants untold agony of mind. But they could do nothing, though terrible allegations were made against their late relative.

So we dealt with this tragic story in John Bull, showed that the allegations were false, and demanded that the injured relatives should receive the rector's unqualified apology.

That apology, we are pleased to record, has now been given. It runs as follows:

Sparham Rectory, Norwich.
March 9, 1932.

Dear Mr. Watling, — It has been brought to my notice that a statement has appeared in the public Press to the effect that your father lived a perfectly innocent and Christian life.

In view of this statement, I desire to express my very earnest sorrow for the pain that I have caused you and your family. I hereby give you permission to make any use which you may consider wise and kind of this communication.—Yours sincerely,

Connop Miles.

In justice to the writer, we have quoted his apology in full, so that readers may appreciate his action in thus making all possible redress.

Thus, a very painful incident, which should never have occurred, can now be forgotten.

The De Reszke Touch

The large hand-made De Reszke Americans are 20 for 1/6.

The smaller De Reszke Minors, made of exactly the same choice Virginia tobacco, are 20 for 8d.

De Reszke

MINORS

10 for 4d.

5 for 2d. ✣ 20 for 8d. ✣ Flat tins, 60 for 2/=

Branded for Tenpence!

Because he wanted to join the kinema queue, Vincent borrowed tenpence. He's in prison now as a result . . .

INCARCERATED in Wormwood Scrubs Prison, London, to-day is a boy of seventeen named Vincent Jones, with a three-year sentence before him—and all for accepting a loan of tenpence, which he did not know was stolen!

We cannot understand why he has been placed in prison at all, because at the recent Liverpool Assizes, Mr. Justice Swift ordered his removal to a Borstal institution.

But it is with the scandalous circumstances of this lad's arrest that we are chiefly concerned.

Instances of abuse of police powers in this country are, happily, rare; but this case is one of the worst exceptions and calls for the fullest publicity.

One morning Vincent Jones was asleep in bed when three detectives, an inspector, sergeant and constable called at his home in Bellgreen Road, Carr Lane, Liverpool.

They roused the boy and, in the presence of his father, one of the officers said to him:

"Jones, the net is closing. Do you want to be inside or outside it?"

Kidnapped

Then they began to interrogate him concerning the whereabouts of property which had been stolen from local houses and asked if he knew some older men who had been found to be implicated.

The boy protested that he had no knowledge whatever of any robberies.

But he frankly admitted that he knew the men mentioned because they worked occasionally at a farm near Ormskirk, where he had been employed since leaving school three years before.

Only a few nights previously two of them had lent him tenpence for the kinema and he had told this fact at the time to his parents, who had remonstrated with him for borrowing.

The senior detective asked Mr. and Mrs. Jones to allow their son to call later in the day at West Derby police station to meet and, if possible, assist another officer who was collecting evidence against the thieves.

He promised to see that Vincent was not kept long and that he would come straight home. But all day there was neither word nor sign from him. When midnight came the distracted mother went to the police station.

There she learned that her boy was in a cell on a charge which was not divulged to her. She pleaded long for information, but her requests were refused.

At four o'clock in the morning the father rose from a sick bed—he had been stricken with malaria—and going to the station, demanded to know the charge against his son. He was told he would learn it in the morning at the court, and his appeals for bail were rejected.

"Too busy"!

When asked why they had kept the boy in custody day and night without sending a message to his home, the police replied that they had been "too busy."

Next day the boy was put in the dock with five youths who were charged with housebreaking and, between them, stealing goods or money amounting to £84.

With them were two married women, aged thirty-nine and forty-five, accused of receiving the stolen property.

Vincent Jones's share was alleged to be the tenpence with which he had been provided to attend the pictures.

When the father and mother had an opportunity to interview their son, he told them he had undergone a terrible experience at the police station. As soon as he arrived, he said, a detective examined him for an hour.

At intervals, afterwards, he was brought out for long bouts of questioning, and he described how an officer had stood over him with an arm poised and fist clenched as if to strike him when he kept repeating that he had no knowledge that the tenpence he borrowed was part of stolen money.

He added that he had been given no food.

The stipendiary adjourned the case twice in two weeks, during which time the police obtained a great deal of new evidence and made many more charges against all the accused except Vincent.

Beyond the tenpence, they could find nothing against him.

In the end all the party were committed for trial.

At the assizes it had been arranged that Jones would plead not guilty and would explain to the judge that the tenpence with which he was concerned represented only a kinema admission price and that when the money was paid he did not know it had been stolen.

The farmer who had employed the boy was willing to give evidence and supplied a signed declaration that he had always found him wholly trustworthy and that he had had in his care, without a penny missing, as much as £100.

Guilty—by order

This document, together with splendid testimonials from their son's former headmaster, the parents handed to the authorities.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jones's astonishment, when Vincent appeared in the dock, he pleaded guilty!

Mr. Justice Swift sentenced Jones and all the youths with him to be detained in Borstal for three years. The women were bound over.

Rushing to the jail where Vincent was first taken, the agonised father and mother sought an explanation.

Tortured in mind by the imprisonment he had already suffered, the lad said he had succumbed to the detective's suggestions in the belief that he would be released at once.

Their boy told them that *while he was waiting in the precincts of the court to enter the dock a detective had urged him to plead guilty so as to "get it over quickly."*

A few days ago one of the youths convicted with Jones had his case reconsidered in the Court of Criminal Appeal. There was a series of charges against him, but the appeal judges set aside the three years' sentence and bound him over.

On the facts presented here there is need for much more vigorous and vastly different action in regard to the case of young Jones.

Mr. Justice Swift should appoint a personal commissioner to investigate this amazing affair in every aspect.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

warns you of

FIVE *Queer* CHARITIES

THE enquiries which pour into this office regarding new or little-known charity schemes convince me that legislation is badly needed to keep all charities under proper control and to ensure that public support is justified.

Many people will doubtless find it incredible that only blind charities and war charities are protected by law.

In all other fields it is open to any individual, whatever his qualifications—or lack of them—to found a charity, collect from the public and disburse the money as he chooses.

Let me deal with a few so-called charities which have lately come to my notice to illustrate the appalling laxity that exists.

One is known as the General Charities Aid Association, of 112, Gillott Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, and boasts that its primary object is to "aid various charities by organising a series of perfectly legal competitions."

Enquiry shows it to be a one-man scheme, devised by a Mr. Leonard Smith, who describes himself as a mortgage broker and investment agent.

He's frank, anyway

He is at present advertising for partners to aid *him* in his charity scheme by paying him a premium of £50 for the privilege of obtaining executive posts carrying a salary of £5 a week.

One of his letters to an applicant, now before me, contains the candid admission that his charity venture should yield "a very substantial profit for the promoters."

* * *

From Bournemouth comes word of an organisation known as the Elderly Ladies' Rest Aid Association, the motto of which is "Ready to Serve."

Apparently this "association" consists of one solitary individual—a Miss C. S. Tann, whose balance-sheets make interesting reading.

This good lady evidently believes that charity begins at home, for I note that when she lost a handbag in a public restaurant she charged up replacement costs to her association.

Her appeals for aid should be shunned

* * *

Another organisation which calls for criticism is the Hospital Donations Aid Society, of Haymarket, London.

The name sounds imposing, but I look in vain for particulars of any governing body. Once again it becomes apparent that the sacred name of charity is simply being exploited to serve as a cloak for one individual—a certain G. H. Wheeler.

There are no established headquarters at the address given, for Wheeler merely calls to collect his letters there!

You frown, too

Then there is the "Save the Children Milk Fund," the headquarters of which are at Sale Street, Paddington, the birthplace of another scheme termed "Hospital Publications."

Both are the ventures of one man—a Mr T. G. O'Sullivan. When interviewed recently he was a little vague as to his intentions, yet he has already negotiated for collectors, who have been offered salary and commission on any money they raise. And he has asked applicants for £25 as security.

I think the security, if any, should come from him. In any case, his projects are superfluous and are frowned upon by the Charity Organisation Society.

* * *

The fact that mushroom charities can spring up in this way is surely to be deplored. The dispensation of charitable funds, obtained by public subscription, should not rest in the hands of one or two individuals.

Every charity should be properly approved and registered, and should not be allowed to function unless its affairs are controlled by a committee which can be held responsible for the regular issue to the public of full reports and balance-sheets.

Blackmail

If you were blackmailed . . .
Would your courage fail
and
What would happen if it

A woman's quiet voice vibrant with menace . . .

"WILFUL Murder!" That is the last charge in the world I could be guilty of, yet I escaped it by a hair's breadth four years ago. I then met with a terrible adventure which for the time being changed the whole course of my life.

That adventure was BLACKMAIL—the cruellest of all crimes and one of the most difficult to suppress because of the cowardice of its victims in failing to bring those who prey on them to justice.

My own case, which, for the benefit of others I shall reveal in detail, is no doubt typical of hundreds in which terrorised men and women are to-day paying ransom to unscrupulous scoundrels and their decoys.

It began in the most innocent and casual way. I was in London on business connected with my profession of estate agent, and after dining alone at the hotel where I was staying for the night I strolled into a well-known buffet in Shaftesbury Avenue on the off chance of meeting a friend.

I saw no one I knew, but presently I got into conversation with a tall, dignified-looking man who might have been an army officer.

Drugged!

I liked him, and he seemed to like me. He was a good listener, and I soon found myself telling him more about my private affairs than I should usually confide in a stranger.

When the buffet closed, he asked me to go back with him to his flat in Motcomb Street for a "night-cap."

He had mentioned casually that he was married, but I was not prepared for the dazzling, dark-eyed girl to whom he introduced me. My work gives me little opportunity for feminine society.

It was late when I made a move to go. But my host would not hear of my leaving, and offered to put me up for the night. I was too sleepy to resist the offer. A strange drowsiness had crept over me. I felt it was an effort to move, and allowed him to show me up to a bedroom, where I immediately sank into a deep sleep.

Little did I guess that I had been drugged.

Hours later I was awakened by a loud commotion. I blinked dazedly at the sunlight which poured in through the windows. I looked about me, and my numbed senses were shocked by surprise and terror. For this was not the bed in which I had retired the night before.

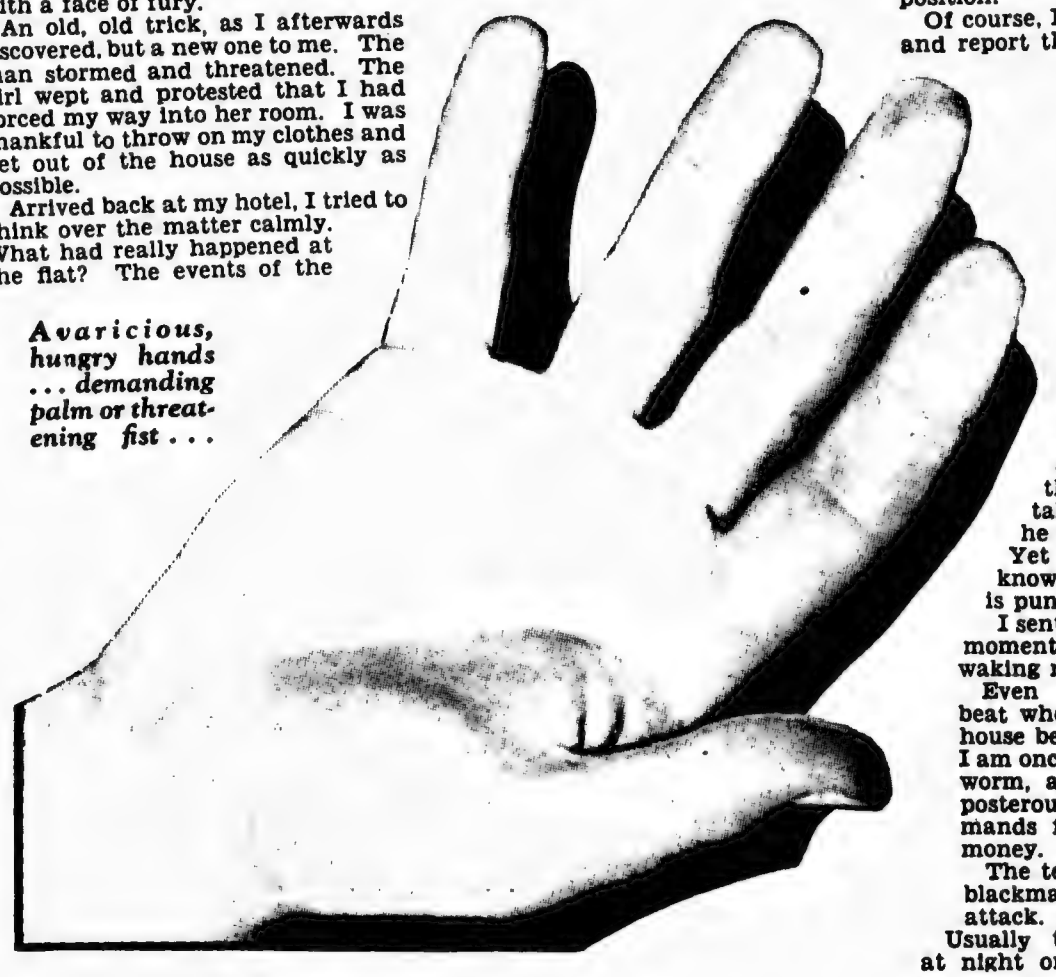
The trap

Nor was I alone in it. My hostess of the previous night was cowering to the other side of it, screaming and screaming. Then the door burst open, and in rushed my host with a face of fury.

An old, old trick, as I afterwards discovered, but a new one to me. The man stormed and threatened. The girl wept and protested that I had forced my way into her room. I was thankful to throw on my clothes and get out of the house as quickly as possible.

Arrived back at my hotel, I tried to think over the matter calmly. What had really happened at the flat? The events of the previous night were confused and blurred. Was it possible that I had been — indiscreet?

Thank heaven I had been allowed to leave the flat without a scandal. Little did I guess what was to come! When I look back on the horror of the months that followed a shiver runs through me. There are some scars which the passage of time can never heal.



A vicious, hungry hands . . . demanding palm or threatening fist . . .

The blow fell when I opened an innocent-looking envelope at breakfast in my house in Bedford, two days later. It contained a brief note signed "Harold Blake," requesting me to send £50 in notes to the Motcomb Street address within forty-eight hours, failing which a print of the photograph enclosed would be sent to my wife and to my two principal clients, whose names were specified.

I looked at the photograph and turned pale. I was being blackmailed. Before rousing me from my drugged sleep the blackmailers had used a camera.

I found my wife looking at me anxiously across the table. Making some excuse, I went up to my bedroom, locked the door and carefully burned the awful photograph. Then I lay down on my bed and tried to collect my racing thoughts.

I thought of these two clients of mine who were mentioned in the letter. One of them was a highly respectable Conservative peer; the other, the widow of a wealthy landowner, a prim, religious woman. I was acting as agent to both of them, and two-thirds of my income was derived from this source.

If the threat were carried out, it would mean ruin for me.

Courage sapped

Then there was my wife. If only I could confide in her! Alas, I dared not do it. I am extremely fond of my wife, and she of me, but, like many Englishwomen, she was brought up in complete innocence.

I could guess the shock it would be to her if the terrible evidence were placed in her hands. Even if she believed me innocent, the blow might be enough to cause a breach between us. She would never be able to forget such a photograph or to understand how I had allowed myself to be trapped into such a position.

Of course, I might go to the police and report the case. But I shrank from doing this. I pictured a crowded court with appalling details coming to light. My persecutors would present quite another version of the affair, and what would happen to my reputation?

In every man's life there comes a fateful moment when he has to choose between two roads. Deep down in his heart he knows that the one which seems to lead to the edge of the precipice is the right one for him to take—but how often has he the courage to take it? Yet if only he knew, as I know, how heavily cowardice is punished!

I sent the £50, and from that moment my life became a waking nightmare.

Even now my heart misses a beat when the telephone in my house begins to ring. In a flash I am once more a craven-hearted worm, agreeing weakly to preposterous and threatening demands for more and yet more money.

The telephone was always the blackmailer's favourite means of attack.

Usually the dreaded call came at night or in the early morning

...led!

...d . . .
...fail?

...it did—

—I PAID *the* COWARD'S PRICE

by a "Mr. X"

Torture by telephone. There is no escape from the horror of this dreadful persecution

before I had left the house. Once it was a woman's voice.

Sometimes my wife, or my schoolgirl daughter, would actually be in the room while I was answering the call, and I would be in a fever of apprehension lest they should guess what was happening.

Several times in the first few months of my persecution I tried to resist. Once I flatly refused to pay and rang off, but a letter arrived next morning containing another photograph even more compromising than the first, and I gave way.

Another time I tried to bluff the blackmailer by threatening to place the matter in the hands of the police. But this was followed by a personal visit on his part to my house; I was completely taken by surprise and again climbed down.

In the web

The months went by, and I grew pale and hollow-eyed and began to lose weight. My nerves became frayed and tense. I woke regularly at the "coward's hour" at dawn, and often I could not sleep again.

My wife became seriously alarmed about me and called in a doctor, who recommended a sea voyage.

A sea voyage! I smiled bitterly at the thought. No leaving the country for the fly who is caught in the blackmailer's web. No relief for the cowed victim.

I dared not go away for fear of what might happen in my absence. Besides, there was now the difficulty of money. In the last twelve months I had parted with close on £600, which was about half my income, and I was beginning to feel the pinch severely.

I had been obliged to invent excuses to my wife for the shortage of money. For months I had been hiding a terrible secret from the woman I had never deceived before. Now it seemed a small matter to add a little further deception by telling her that I had lost much of my business.

Slowly a barrier was forming between us. Again and again my wife would implore me to tell her what was on my mind, but always I would put her off with some tale which I knew she did not really believe. And as time passed, it seemed more and more out of the question to make a clean breast of the whole miserable story.

Killer's urge

Reflecting on it now, I can see that I was mad not to risk confiding in her. Yet this secretiveness is what, no doubt, so often happens in cases of blackmail. Once the victim has taken the course of cowardice, the most ordinary act of courage becomes practically out of the question.

The blackmailer is like a vampire, sucking all the courage and self-respect out of his victim, until he becomes something less than a man.

Fear breeds fear. Cowardice begets cowardice. Deception paves the way for more deception. It is a crime that saps and corrodes a man's very soul.

One evening, returning from London by train, I thought of my wife, and reflected gloomily that the breach between us was widening. Then a happy thought struck me. It was her birthday in three days' time. I would buy her something extra special, as I had often done in the early days.

It would mean selling something of my own. I decided that my treasured pair of guns would have to go. Next day, with a pang, I sold them for £35.

That evening I was feeling almost cheerful—till suddenly the telephone bell rang, and when I went to answer it a familiar, hateful voice came to me over the line. It demanded, this time, £40.

Even a worm will turn. The sense of impotence I felt stung me like a whip. In an instant I was seized and swept away by a blind, murderous passion.

Buried deep in every man's heart is the primitive savage. Whittle down his self-control to the last strand and the savage in him will burst his bonds and take control.

On the brink

My mind was cold and hard as granite. I realised that pistols and poisons were hard to come by, but hanging in my hall, among other ornamental firearms, was a Persian dagger.

Some hours later I was admitted to the Motcomb Street flat with this dagger in my overcoat pocket.

I stood trembling in the doorway. Two pairs of eyes were fixed on me suspiciously. Then the woman said something quickly to the man in a foreign tongue. He turned and opened a drawer in the desk behind him.

Now was my chance. But I hesitated; the next moment it was too late. I found myself looking down the muzzle of a revolver.

Perhaps it was just as well. Otherwise I might have had to face a charge of wilful murder.

I returned home that night in a state of mind that was deeper than despair.

But worse was to come. A few days later my wife fell ill. She was rushed into a nursing home in London, where she underwent a serious operation.

After lying between life and death for a fortnight, she slowly began to recover.

Expenses were extremely heavy, and I made some anxious calculations. I saw that I should probably have to sell the house.

Just then the telephone bell rang. It was the blackmailer again. This time the demand was for £100.

For once I pleaded with my persecutor. But if I expected any mercy I was mistaken. He cut me short, saying that he would give me twenty-four hours to "hand in the dough," and rang off before I could reply.

The woman acts

I knew then that I had come to another parting of the ways. As before, I must choose between courage and cowardice, only this time the choice was far more terrible. For I saw clearly enough that I could not continue paying without bringing financial ruin on myself.

I was still in an agony of indecision when I heard a key turn in the latch, and my daughter came in. She looked at me in silence for a moment, and then this eighteen-year-old girl, who in the last few weeks of trial had suddenly grown into a woman, bluntly asked me to tell her the truth.

And I told her.

At her suggestion I placed the matter in the hands of a firm of solicitors, who employed a private detective.

I still believed there would be a terrible scandal and that my reputation and career would be ruined. But my daughter took the initiative.

It would take too long to describe how the blackmailers were arrested.

It is enough to say that my name was not allowed to appear. I was merely "Mr. X"; that, luckily, nobody in court knew me; nor, what was equally fortunate, did any of my friends connect me with the case.

So the bogy turned out to be a candle in a turnip. I had parted with between £1,200 and £1,500 and endured two years of acute misery all because I had not the courage to "call the bluff."

Even my own wife knew nothing about it.

Be warned . . .

How many unfortunate men, I wonder, are at this very moment being bled of money and self-respect because they cannot bring themselves to do the brave and sensible thing?

By displaying cowardice when blackmailed a man is subsidising this particular form of crime.

I hope this narrative of my own terrible experience will help other victims to take their courage in both hands and go to the police. If they did so the cruellest of all crimes would soon be wiped out.

Once you have tasted the mild, nutty flavour of Manikins your palate will tell you more than pages of words what fine little smokes they are—mellow, mild and every time more satisfying.

Manikins, though so good, are light on the pocket—10d. buys 5 of these excellent half hour smokes. Try a packet to-night, and when you settle down to the comfort of your fireside and light up you will agree that a Manikin is the most completely enjoyable smoke you ever set match to.

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·CIGARS·
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Hand the coupon in the "DUROFIX" advert. on page 26 to any Ironmonger or "DUROFIX" stockist, and get one full-size 6d. tube of this excellent fixative for mending china, crockery, and even silk stockings, for half price. Prove the efficiency of "DUROFIX" by this wonderful offer.

by SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Joanna Godden's Joy Ride

THE King George the Fourth at New Romney was a goodish sort of Farmers' Ordinary, but knew its own value and made no immodest attempts to rival the New Inn, where the cream of the market crowd ate their boiled beef and carrots on Tuesdays.

It was therefore something in the nature of a public humiliation to Joanna Godden to find on entering the statelier coffee-room that every table was occupied, huddled over with the broad shoulders of Vines, Furnesses, Southlands, Cobbs and her other rivals on the marsh.

True, she was late—she had had a delicate business to transact with the farmer of Old Honeychild concerning a ram that had strayed from his innings into her fields at Ansdore and fathered some unauthorised lambs.

She had emerged from it defeated, hot and flustered, conscious that her hat had been pushed on one side in the dramatic urgencies of conversation, and that she badly wanted her dinner.

Now, though her hat was straight and some of the colour on her cheeks had died down, she felt her defeat consummated by the crowded dining-room, and those ungallant diners, not one of whom would rise to offer her his seat, though some nodded to her over their napkins, and some winked at each other, as if to say, "Here's Joanna Godden, who sets up to be master of a farm, same as if she was a man, being treated like a man and left standing."

For a moment she stood glaring at the ignoble company. Then she tossed head and hat at them, turned her back and walked out.

Where should she go?—for she must have her dinner. There was only the George, standing humble and withdrawn behind a row of copped or pollard beeches.

It had a rustical look that she despised, but she walked in, having left word at the New Inn stables that Old Stuppenny was to call for her there when he brought round the trap for her homeward journey.

The modest dining-room had only one table at which sat a low couple of tenant farmers, Boorman of Abbots Court and Luck of Birdskitchen.

Unlike their yeoman brethren at the New, they rose and bowed with a respectful "Good-day, ma'am," at her entrance; but their homage could not wipe out their betters' indifference, and, with a careless nod, Joanna sat down.

Enter Juggernaut

She was late, and the principal dish—roast shoulder of lamb and onion sauce—was "off," which seemed to add to the tale of her humiliations. She accepted the substitute of cold beef, and ordered a glass of ale.

There she sat, at table with tenant farmers, eating yesterday's dinner . . . it was the kernel of the morning's bitterness.

But the next moment she realised that a vague chugging sound which had vibrated in the background of her life for the last few minutes had suddenly swelled to deafening proportions, a series of loud bangs, bursting the dinner-time silence of New Romney's street. Both Boorman and Luck were on their feet, rushing to the window.

"It must be one of them new orty-mobbles."

Joanna, rising, could see over their shoulders a cloud of smoke, in the midst of which showed dimly the outline of a horseless carriage, shaking and jigging with interior convulsions.

It was the first time Joanna had ever seen a motor-car, and the sight for a moment broke down the social barrier between her and her companions.

"Well, if that thing don't deserve what it gets from Providence!" she cried hotly.

The outlines of the car, so suggestive of a pair of sleek horses ahead, and then stopping short at a shaftless, smoking gulf, seemed to her impious. She could not share her neighbours' interest as to "how it was got to go."

"It isn't got to go at all—that's the whole trouble of it. Look, there's two men underneath it, trying to make it work."

For a few moments more all three of them stared in silence; then the two men, who had finished their dinner, decided to view the portent from a closer range, and walked out.

Joanna remained within, partly to finish her meal, partly because she felt her honour would be still further compromised if she associated herself with tenant farmery on such an expedition.

But she kept her eye on the window, none the less, and presently saw the smoke clear while the banging and chugging abated into a silence that seemed by contrast to speak like doom.

Then two men emerged from under the car, and even in their state of grime she could recognise that they were master and servant.

The master, indeed, was, in her opinion, a smart, well-turned-out young man, evidently a townsman, to judge by his suit of elaborate country clothes, such as are never worn in the country.

The Intruder

He disappeared into the inn, while his servant got to final grips with the now silent car.

Joanna wondered if he would come into the dining-room, though it was certainly beneath the contempt of such as he; but as time passed and he did not appear, she gave up hope, which was suddenly restored by his entrance, cleaned and spruced and debonair, ushered by Mr. Nichols, the landlord.

"I'm afraid the joint is 'off,' sir. It's market-day, and we've had quite a lot of people in. But there's some prime cold beef——"

"I don't mind what I have as long as it doesn't take any time to prepare. I've got to be in Rye by three o'clock."

"You'll never be that, sir. It's gone two o'clock now, and Rye's twelve miles away."

"My motor-car will do twenty miles an hour on these flat roads."

"You don't say so, sir. Well, it's just about wunnerful the marvels we get these days. I'd never believe that anything 'ud go faster than my old hoss Charley, and we'd have to allow two hours for his getting to Rye."

He took the stranger's order and left the room. The stranger glanced round, and saw that he must be seated at the same table where Joanna Godden was gravely plying her knife and fork. He did not look sorry.

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" he said as he sat down; "but, as there's no other table, I'm afraid I must come here."

Joanna bowed in a stately fashion. She wanted to be impressive.

"Do you mind if I light a cigarette?"

"Do anything you like and pray don't think of me," she said graciously.

But the stranger did think of her, rather a lot. He viewed her, too, unobtrusively, while he smoked. She was in his idiom a damn fine woman, and there was a light and a fire about her, too, which was more than he usually associated with her type.

There seemed to be, somehow, a warmth coming from her ruddy skin, and the hair that curled and flew from under her hat was like the flying anthers of the sun.

Confidences

She was comfortable to watch after his long, jolting stinking, dusty drive from Folkestone. He felt a kind of healing of his mind even before his beef and ale were set before him.

"Is this the only inn in this town?"

He could not have asked a question more favourable to his wish to make her talk.

"Lord sakes! indeed it's not. The best inn here—and the only one fit to go to—is the New Inn. You'd have found it further up the street if your motor hadn't broke down."

"But I shouldn't have found you in it."

There was, unknown to him, a challenge in this statement which made Joanna ignore its gallantry.

"You wouldn't to-day for the only time there's been or I trust there's likely to be. I'd never have come to this place if the other hadn't been crowded out, thanks to my having been kept arguing. . . . Every single market-day but this I've been there, sitting along with yeoman farmers. This is a tenant-farmer place."

The stranger seemed determined to expose his ignorance.

"Are tenant farmers inferior to yeoman farmers?"

"Surelye! You'd never think a tenant of a place in the same class with a man who owns it."

"I see . . . and I take it that you are the wife, or the daughter, of a yeoman farmer."

"I'm nobody's wife, and certainly my father was as fine a yeoman as any on the Marsh. But I don't have to look back at him for where I stand.

"I'm a yeoman myself, and own my own farm of Little Ansdore, on Walland Marsh, between Brodnyx and Pedlinge. If you're going to Rye you'll pass the gate."

"Really . . ."

The stranger was interested. At first he had been attracted, then amused; now he was something a little more than either.

"Yes, indeed and it's a finer place

A Very Human Boy

Hugh Walpole may have created greater characters than the graceless "Jeremy," but this very human boy remains the most delightful and the most popular.

That is why we decided to give the public the pleasure of meeting this youthful hero.

The author here confesses that he shares our enthusiasm in making the acquaintance of

JEREMY AGAIN
by Hugh Walpole

IT is pleasant to write about "Jeremy" again. What does a novelist feel when he returns to old books of his own? Many of them are, of course, for himself and perhaps to everyone else deader than the dodo.

In any case, whether they are dead or alive, they are not, it appears, written by himself. He is not, he thinks, either as clever as this or as stupid.

However, some are more alive for him than others, and for myself the "Jeremy" books are the most alive.

They have been translated into every known language, including Czech, Japanese and Russian.

I have some very odd volumes with pictures of "Jeremy" as other countries see him, especially the French one, which portrays him like a young girl sickening with consumption and decorated with long, black hair.

Finally, I must admit that I am proud and pleased that "Jeremy," after fourteen years of existence, should be apparently with every year more popular.

GIANTS OF FICTION

Re-created by their Famous Authors (9)

"How am I to see you again? Are you never in town?"

than when first I took it on. Folk said I'd never make anything of it and I've had my ups and downs, but I reckon all my troubles are over now.

"I've a first-rate looker and some first-class sheep, and if there's fools as lets their rams come straying into my flock and then won't take the blame of it, well I can't help that and I don't care."

"And do you live quite alone?"

"No; I've my little sister with me—little Ellen. She's thirteen years younger than me, and more of a child to me than a sister."

She was ready enough to talk, feeling in sympathy with this stranger. He was not exactly handsome, though he had a decided air about him—a town air, which she half-despised, half-reverenced.

From her place she could see heads outside the window, watching the chauffeur working at the repair of his car. No doubt it was the first car that had ever been seen in New Romney, and folk were excited and curious and a little scared.

And all the time they were looking on in awe and wonder, the owner, the god of the car was sitting at dinner with Joanna Godden, talking to her, asking her questions, telling her about himself.

His name was Leonard Parsons, and he was head of a big engineering firm, and, doubtless, thought Joanna enormously rich. He lived in London, but had been spending the week-end in Folkestone, trying out his new De Dion Bouton.

Had she ever been driven in a motor-car? No, and indeed she hadn't. Would she like to? Yes, and indeed she would.

The Adventure

She forgot that she disapproved of motoring and regarded a horseless carriage as an affront to Providence; she could only think how wonderful it would be to sit beside this stranger, dashing at twenty miles an hour along roads where others crawled on foot or trundled on wheels—conjuring up for herself an audience of Vines, Furneses, Southlands and all the yeomanry of the New Inn.

"Well, it appears that I'm going your way—I pass your gate. So why shouldn't I take you home? The car sounds as if she was running smoothly now."

"Reckon I've my own trap waiting, but——"

"Have you a driver?"

"Surelye; there's old Stuppenny. I've made him my groom now he's good for nothing else and bought him a fine purple coat to wear, as is seemly."

"Well, he can drive after you. You come along with me—I'll swear you'll enjoy it."

Joanna suddenly hesitated. Her first doubt had occurred.

"What about my clothes? I've got my best hat on, and though this gown ain't my best—seeing it was only made by that gal at Slinches, who don't really know French styles—it's a pretty good one, and I'd be sorry to have it spoiled."

"Then you must let me lend you a coat. I've a spare one in my grip. And we can fix a silk handkerchief over your hat."

She had pictured herself in the car with all her feathers flying, her hat burning like a torch on the top of her head to signal her glorious progress.

But she would have to abandon this idea if she wished to preserve its brave integrity of flame-coloured ostrich-tips and bronze chrysanthemums. After all, it had a way of getting rather suddenly and easily on one side. . . .

Open Mouths . . .

So she thanked him for his kind offer, and let him go out and fetch her a wide, silk handkerchief and long dust-coat. She arrayed herself in these, pleased to find that, after all, the former did not eclipse the glory of her hat entirely.

As she adjusted it before the mirror over the mantelpiece she could see the crowd that had assembled outside the inn to gaze at the wonder.

The New Inn had emptied its dining company now, and on their way to the market-place they had been held up to stare at this astonishing sight—something shaped rather like a dog-cart, with a groom's seat behind, all thrumming and shaking with the mysterious power that was to take it horseless to Rye in less than an hour.

The engine was running smoothly now, or as smoothly as engines ever ran in 1899. Parsons hurried in.

"Are you ready, Miss Godden? We ought to be off."

"Yes, thank you, I'm fixed—and I've paid my bill."

The landlord hovered behind them as they walked out side by side, like bride and bridegroom. Indeed, Joanna's feelings were not unlike those of a bride coming out of the door of a church in white satin and veil, walking beside the bridegroom who is the envy of all her friends and enemies.

For a moment she paused on the step and surveyed the crowd. There they stood—Southlands, Vines, Pricketts and Furneses, all the yeomanry of the Marsh, who an hour ago had thrown her patronising nods, now too astonished for any salutation.

They were all goggling with open mouth and eyes, watching her being handed into the automobile, the rug being tucked round her by the dashing stranger, who the next minute took his seat at the wheel, the chauffeur, in his smart green uniform and peaked cap, jumping in behind them.

Crash! Bang! They were off in a petrol-reeking cloud that rolled behind them and made the spectators choke and stagger back.

For a moment Joanna felt she must fall out; for another moment that she would certainly be sick. But both terrors passed, leaving her thrilling and triumphant, clutching her hat as they bumped down New Romney's street towards the cross-roads.

Dogs and fowls seemed to be scattering in all directions—they passed red-faced farmers clutching at the heads of their plunging, kicking horses. The Marsh with the dykes and the willows went past in a scud of green through a whirl of dust. There was dust, dust everywhere. She felt it salty on her tongue, gritty in her teeth, smarting in her eyes.

It was impossible to talk and difficult to think. Not till they had gone as far as Brenzett cross-roads did she realise that she had entirely ignored old Stuppenny, who had waited with her trap outside the George, only to see his mistress rapt away from him like Elijah in a chariot and a cloud.

However, she reflected, he would in time have sense enough to come after her and, anyway, she couldn't bother about him now.

All her thinking and being were given up to the ecstasy of the ride, to the sense of speed and power, and the still more glorious sense of being exalted above her neighbours, of having attained a degree of honour and felicity hitherto unknown by anyone on the Marsh.

Triumph!

No one would be able to look down on her any more after this; she would always be able to talk of what it was like to ride in a motor-car, or how the Marsh looked from a motor-car, of exactly how long it took to motor from New Romney to Ansdore.

The red and yellow roofs of Ansdore swam into sight through the dust, and she touched her companion's arm.

Spine, stomach and lungs, eyes, nose, ears and mouth were all a little weary of their new experience. But the glory would remain when her feet were once more on the ground. . . . Oh, how she hoped someone of Ansdore would be there to see her arrive—Mrs. Tolhurst or Milly Pump. . . .

She need not have troubled. When they were still nearly a mile away the noise of their coming had attracted the men from the fields and the women from the kitchen.

As with a final roar and splutter the car pulled up at Ansdore's garden gate, Joanna had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Tolhurst and Milly standing on the doorstep, while Wilson and Broadhurst hung over the yard fence.

Before such an audience Joanna must alight with sweeping dignity, and no puckish sprite of wickedness caused her to trip in her descent. Parsons was already on the ground to offer her his hand.

"Well," she said, "I've enjoyed that."

"And so have I."

"I hope I haven't made you late on your journey."

"No, we're in excellent time"—he was helping her off with her borrowed coat—"how am I to see you again?"

"I dunno when, if you're going back to London."

"Are you never in town?"

She shook her head. An hour ago she might have planned even such a mighty expedition for the sake of his voice and his air and his eyes. But now the man

(Continued on page 22)

"He WON'T take a Spring Tonic

. . . so he gets his iron every day in

SUN-MAID RAISINS"

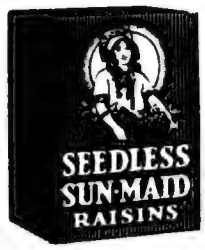
"He simply loves
SUN-MAID RAISINS—
They're so juicy—
sweeter-flavoured
EXTRA RICH IN IRON, TOO

* * *

"So I give him his iron
This way — EVERY DAY
Handfuls of Sun-Maid Raisins.
In SUN-MAID cake or
pudding, too.

* * *

"A SAVING! Why pay
For a Spring Tonic
When he can have
All the iron he needs
In his regular meals?"



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Husband or Religion—

Which IS SHE TO Obey?

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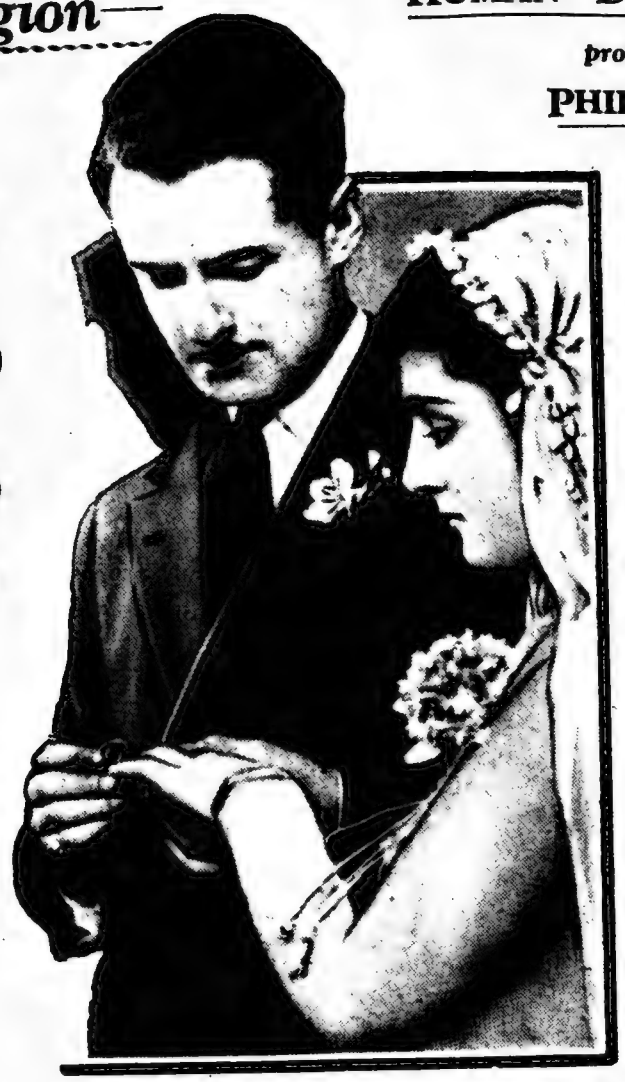

"What about her marriage vows? Do they count for nothing?"

LIFE has its problems that are common to most people—those relating to the home, money, employment, and children. But there are other problems that are a little unusual, but which have a general interest.

This week I want to deal with some of these. I do so for a special reason. The function of this page is to discuss all sorts and conditions of human experiences. I am anxious that it shall be far-reaching in its scope. I want it to cover life in all its multi-coloured phases.

Here, then, is a letter from a man in Yorkshire:

"We have been happily married now for twelve years, two boys completing our little family.

"All went well until a few weeks ago some friends of my wife's introduced her to a certain religious sect, of which I do not approve on grounds of common-sense and reason. When I pleaded with her to give up the idea altogether she refused, saying, 'I have done you no harm.'

"For the first time in our married life things became strained. Her friends have backed her up and have told her that because of my opposition I am not a fit man to live with. As a result, after all these years, she says that if I persist in my attitude she will leave me.

Broken Promises

"I am not what you might term a religious man, but I asked her to name any other church which we could both attend together, but she refused to entertain the suggestion. Then my mother and sister interceded with her, and at last prevailed upon her to discontinue her new associations. But she has broken her word on two occasions.

"I would not mind if this so-called religion was genuine. I passed the place which my wife attends to-night, and the uproar inside can only be described as fanatical.

"She realises that our lives are growing wider apart, and yet this new cult has such an influence over her that she does not seem to care. Even our two boys, of whom we are both passionately fond, seem to have no attraction for her. What do you think would be the best course to take in fairness to both sides?"

I have hitherto refrained from dealing publicly with religious problems. So far as our consciences are concerned we live in a free country and everyone has a right to worship as he or she chooses.

But this case is rather different. A happy home life is at stake. Disaster is staring that family in the face. It would be grossly unfair for me to pass judgment on the cause of the dispute between them.

I know nothing of this particular religious sect—my correspondent does not even mention its name. Yet what he tells me suggests that there is something not quite right about it. The acid test of any religion is to make bad folk good, and good folk better.

What has happened in this case? It has made the woman deceitful. Twice has she given her word, only to break it. And that is not all. What about her marriage vows? Do they count for nothing?

There is nothing more sacred or precious than a happy home life. It is worth preserving at all costs. What should my correspondent do to preserve it?

The first thing is to clear away the prejudice on each side. His wife has got the impression that he is unduly biased—he thinks that she is evilly influenced by her new-found friends.

I think a good family doctor or a mutual friend is the right person to deal with a case of this sort. With tactful handling it ought not to be difficult to reach a satisfactory solution.

And here is a different kind of problem, but one that, from my own experience, affects a great many people. Let my correspondent recount it himself:

"Briefly, my worry is this: For some time I have not enjoyed my usual state of health, and recently my doctor diagnosed my complaint as pernicious anæmia.

"I have always known that this is a serious malady, but not content with that I resolved to find out all about it from every available source. I read in an encyclopædia the following opinion: 'Almost without exception this disease has a fatal termination in anything from two to five years.'

"This revelation has worried me dreadfully. I am a young married man, thirty-two years old, and though we have no children, my wife and I are devoted to each other.

"What I would like to know, 'Humanist,' is whether or not this is my fate—five years at the most. I hope not, for I feel that I have everything to live for. But if, on the other hand, I am already doomed, then I must make the best of what is still left to me."

Alexander Pope, the great philosopher, once told us that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." I pass that on to my correspondent.

In that encyclopædia he thinks he has found his death sentence. Let me reassure him. Pernicious anæmia is not necessarily fatal. There are many forms of it that are definitely curable, and, thanks to the constant work of our medical scientists, every day brings complete victory nearer.

It is sound advice on questions of health to say "Don't fuss!"

Poisoned Pens

Now for my last letter. It deals with that perfect pest—the anonymous letter writer. It comes from a woman who tells me that she is almost worried to death—and all through receiving an anonymous letter. It accuses her of something of which she is innocent.

"It is so very cruel," my correspondent goes on, "because I have no chance of refuting the lying statement. I have tried to think who could write it, and there are three people who would be capable of such a thing. Should I go and see them all and face them with it? I can tell by the way they take it who is the guilty party."

I share my reader's disgust of this foul and loathsome practice. The cruel part is that innocent people are often suspected. My correspondent has thought of three people who might be responsible. It is possible that it is not one of them. For the anonymous letter-writer cleverly covers up his tracks.

I strongly advise her not to approach these people. If she does so, she may arouse their anger and make enemies of them. Far better, if it is the only communication she has received, to ignore it. If she receives others she should inform the police.

HUMANIST wants to tackle your problem. Write to him and enclose a stamped addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes

"Joanna Godden's Joy Ride"

Continued (from page 21)

was lost in his machine. He no longer had an existence apart from the triumph he had given her. He had fulfilled his purpose and she did not care if she never saw him again.

He was a little offended by her indifference.

"Well, we must hope for a lucky chance," he said lightly. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Thank ye and good-bye."

He was off, and when the noise of his going had died away and she could hear herself speak she turned to Mrs. Tolhurst.

"Well, Mrs. Tolhurst, and what did you think of that?"

"Surelye, miss, I never saw the like of it in all my days. Fancy it, now—you to be riding in an ortymobble. I never thought I should ever see such a sight."

"I quite enjoyed it," said Joanna grandly. "but don't say 'ortymobble,' Mrs. Tolhurst—it's 'ortomobeely.'"

"I see, miss; and now if you'll take my advice, you'll come in and git some of the smuts off."

Joanna felt dashed for a moment, then realised that the worst would not have happened till they were some miles out of New Romney.

"Well, you'd better put on the kettle now, and I'll have a wash; and make me a cup of tea, that's a dear good woman, for my head's going round and round."

She found that her legs, her arms, her whole body, were shaking. There was a curious dinning noise in her head. She staggered into the kitchen and collapsed into the solitary armchair, lying back shaken, dazed and grimy, with a triumphant smile upon her lips.

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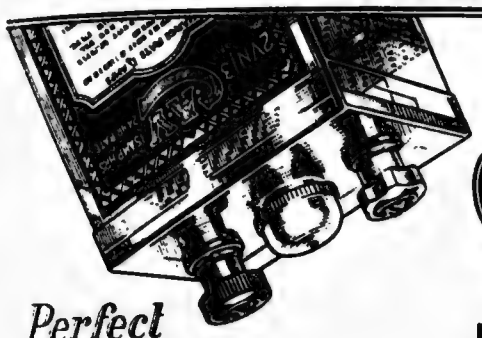

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Do they look like "men with mantelpiece minds"? Manchester business men talk shop after the mid-day meal

Abolish the PROVINCES

"WHAT England needs to-day if she is to win back her former prosperity is to throw overboard some of her worn-out ideas," said a friend to me recently.

"And if she is to do that," I replied, "she must abolish the Provinces!"

My friend looked startled and bewildered—till I explained that what I meant was that the provincial spirit in business is hampering our commercial progress and must be discarded.

The Provinces will hotly challenge my assertion. But can they deny that England has a name abroad for being stolid—for being early Victorian and stuffy in her methods, and for lack of initiative—for being provincial?

The very word "provincial" conjures up a picture of antimacassars and tea-caddies and mantelpieces cluttered with monstrous ornaments in a kind of musty warmth.

The word has an old-fashioned sound that goes well with the slow, slurring sing-song speech of its people—speech which can be intensely aggravating to the Londoner, and is said by some aged legend to mask a brilliance of mind not borne out in fact.

Too slow for words

But it is a very rare thing indeed to find quick thinking behind ponderous, heavy speech. The two things do not go together. Brilliant men and quick thinkers invariably speak swiftly and incisively — very fast thinkers often stammer.

If our North-country friends are unique it is not on account of their quick wits, but because of the way in which such very ordinary and stolid people have been able to build up a legend so absolutely unfounded in fact and maintain that legend for so long.

Behind their "Oh, ah's" and their long-drawn-out vowel sounds one can watch their slow minds grip on to a question and gradually worry it out to a conclusion.

Listening to a London business man doing a deal with a North-country manufacturer, I have felt the Londoner's mind three or four thought stages ahead of the Northerner—felt his exasperation at the man's repetitions—and I have marvelled at this extraordinary belief in provincial wits and shrewdness.

This illusion—for illusion it is—must be shattered.

Our manufacturing is largely in the hands of these provincials — steady hands, slow hands—even sure hands. But manufacturing needs more than that. It needs vision—it needs imagination.

In these days of tremendous competition new goods must be devised; new ideas must be exploited in order to tempt the buyers. It is not enough to say "This is the finest quality"; in fact, in many things quality is secondary.

Foreign goods cannot compare with English for quality, but they have an allure about them which is completely lacking in the often hideous English article.

The provincial has a "mantelpiece mind." He brings his ideas of mantelpiece decoration to his factories, and we all suffer.

Take a frock, for instance, a reasonably well-cut frock that would look well with some simple decoration, and it will be covered with hideous trimmings—pieces of braid and tinsel—until the whole thing is wrecked.

We cannot stop the provincial covering his mantelpiece with frightful vases and Victorian relics, but we *must* stop him applying his mantelpiece mind to manufactured goods.

Women's goods especially must be made attractive. A woman would rather go without than be seen carrying a handbag or wearing a dress with "provincial" written all over it in letters of fire.

This applies to articles too numerous to mention, articles which are basically good, but spoiled by tasteless trimmings — and the only way it can be cured is for these provincials to employ the finest designers and pay them what they are worth.

There is a tendency in England to regard jobs of this kind as superfluous, whereas abroad the designer is rightly considered one of the most important members of the staff and is paid accordingly.

It might be said truly that the North-countryman seldom makes a mistake. He is too cautious. His careful mind explores every possibility in its slow way, and when he acts, he acts.

This method once served well, but it is no good against present-day competition in this fast-moving world. It is the relic of a past era and must be scrapped. While the Northerner is making up his mind to do one thing, the Londoner, or American, will have done twenty. He may have made mistakes, but he will have also made successes.

In times like the present it is necessary to invent new designs for goods and scrap old ideas daily. It is even necessary to scrap machines before they are old and instal the latest models.

Our strong sense of patriotism urges us all to buy British manufactured goods, and it is therefore not only a necessity, but also the duty of our manufacturers to make their goods attractive and not overstrain our patriotism.

How long will it be before our provincials realise that new ideas are the life's blood of manufacturing and without them not even the drastic remedy of tariffs can save them?

There is one more thing that they must learn, and that is that it does not matter what they themselves like—they must give the buyers what they want. This particularly applies to selling goods abroad, and I will quote one case to illustrate the point.

We are so impeccable

I was working for a firm in Australia which was trying very hard to buy British. It had a large order for axes—the axes, like all axes in Australia, were to have the handles curving inwards towards the blade.

We put the enquiry through to an English firm, and the answer came back that it would like the order, but—it pointed out—axe handles curve outwards from the blade in England.

This we knew. We wrote again, explaining that in Australia they liked their axe handles curving inwards. We did our uttermost; but the reply, in effect, was: "We have been making axes since eighteen something or other. Australians are wrong."

It was hopeless. The order went to an American firm which didn't care if the handles turned round in circles.

There are many people in the Dominions and Colonies trying hard to buy British goods. Their task is less easy than is ours at home.

Over caution is disastrous. So is over eagerness. Let us have the ideal combination—the eagerness of the South allied to the caution of the North. Abolish the Provinces! And we shall all be better for it.

READ this provocative article and then have your say in Our Letter Parliament on—"Where the Provinces Win"

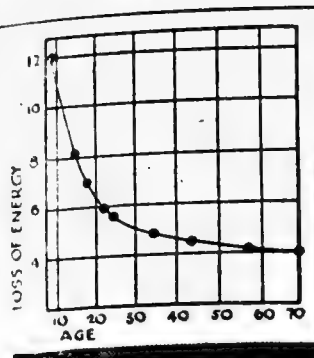
Like the Wind!

It's just out! No. 1 of the NEW *Passing Show*. And it's going like the wind! No wonder.

Here is the greatest thing of its kind for 2d. ever attempted in this country—something entirely new and different—provocative—daring—*modern*.

Turn to pages 2 and 3 and learn more about this brilliant publication.

Look out for the three-colour cover. Hurry!—before the last copy is sold.



It has been proved that, weight for weight, a child even when at rest uses up energy at least twice as quickly as the grown person. No wonder little systems need a balanced, nourishing, adequate diet!

(Graph from scientific observations on the combustion rate of man)

HARD WORK TO HER!

FAST-GROWING CHILDREN

use up energy twice as quickly as grown-ups

SHE'S a splendid gardener — this sturdy little person — yet she's not yet eight years old! Every movement she makes spells ENERGY!

It is a scientific fact that children expend their energy in growth and physical activity two to three times as quickly as grown-ups.

Why, from the moment they get up until it's time to go to bed, they are always on the move — brain and body working full time.

A balanced diet is essential

For this reason wise parents make sure that their children get a balanced diet — one which provides an abundance of energy-giving food. They make Horlick's a regular feature of nursery meals.

Horlick's Malted Milk is made from full-cream milk combined with all the nourishing elements of malted barley and wheat. Because the ingredients have already been partially pre-digested during manufacture, Horlick's is quickly assimilated by the system. Doctors everywhere prescribe it for children who are under weight, because of its splendid body-building qualities.

Begin to-day to give Horlick's to your little ones. Prepare it in the handy Horlick's Mixer. Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Company Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

★

HORLICK'S

Plain or Chocolate Flavoured

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

KEEPS GROWING YOUNGSTERS FIT

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain

Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on that painful corn or callous. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you can lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can end every hard corn, soft corn, corn between toes or callous in the same quick, easy way. Ask your chemist or any branch of Boots' Taylor's or Timothy White's for a 1/3 bottle of 'Freezone' Corn Remover (3 'Freezone' Corn Rings included free in every package).

Dry, rough LAUNDRY HANDS

Yet you can get them right very quickly—

HAVING to wash your own stockings and undies and things—in and out of water—makes your hands coarser each time. It's such a shame, when a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly will get them right very quickly. No need for expensive creams.

And it's best for Beauty

Many famous London Beauty Salons use "Vaseline" Jelly in their expensive hand creams. Try it every night this week and you'll discover why! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

● *Splendid for sore, red lips. Smooth a little on—protects—helps natural healing.*

● *Bedtime is the time for hands. A little "Vaseline" Jelly soothes away roughness and redness while you are asleep.*

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

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HEAVEN for TWOPENCE

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SPECIFICATION. FRAME of weldless steel tubing of British manufacture, parallel top tube, cotterless bottom bracket; sizes 22, 24 and 26 in. WHEELS: 28 in. by 1¼ in., fitted with Dunlop rims. HUBS: oil retaining, ¼ in. balls, ¾ in. spindles. TYRES: Dunlop Roadster, wired edges. FREE-WHEEL: fitted with two full rows of ball bearings. CHAIN: best British roller, ½ in. by ½ in. pitch. HANDLEBARS: raised type, with double roller lever brakes, with pin attachment to frame. SADDLE: Lycett's, 2-coil. FINISH: frame in first coachlined, afterwards it is given four coats of best Black Enamel, lined Red and Gold, all bright parts chromium plated. EQUIPMENT: Comprises Bluemel Inflator, Rear Reflector, solid leather Tool Bag, with 4 in. Adjustable Spanner, Core Spanner and Oilcan.

CASH PRICE £3/17/6 or delivered for 6/- and 14 Monthly Payments of 6/- Carriage paid.

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A Doctor *SHOULD* Retire . .

by Dr. Alfred Salter, M.P.

At a great London hospital, this doctor is able to keep abreast with modern matters medical

WHEN is a doctor too old for his job? Can he retain, say, at sixty or seventy the skill that justifies him in having so many lives in his keeping?

From time to time medical practitioners come in for their share of criticism, and when they are elderly one sometimes hears the remark: "He ought to retire."

Should he? It is an important matter to the community—this question of when does the physician lose his capacity for accurate and rapid diagnosis, and the surgeon the expert use of his hand and eye?

My own opinion is that age in itself does not matter any more in the case of the doctor than it does in any other walk of life.

CERTAINLY the doctor is not at his best until he has lived long enough to combine practice with learning.

It is only from experience that he gains a correct sense of values. The man with only theoretical knowledge to depend upon can easily attach too much importance to some particular symptom.

It may have been that his own favourite studies led him to take great interest in special aspects of some disease. He may have seen one rare or exceptional case and such limited experience fills his mental horizon and misleads him utterly until that horizon is widened by extended experience.

I have known clever doctors who were full of theoretical learning and conversant with almost every new treatment and yet were incapable of diagnosing some simple complaint. They invariably expected to find certain symptoms part and parcel of a disease

To take a simple example. A child with whooping-cough must, they think, whoop, or it is not whooping-cough, though a man who has been in practice for years and examined hundreds of coughing children would know from other symptoms whether the complaint was present or not, for innumerable cases have taught him that even such a well-known sign as the whoop may be absent, though rarely.

Nor is it uncommon for a person suffering from diabetes, one of the early symptoms of which is severe skin affection, to visit a skin specialist. Failure by the general practitioner to diagnose diabetes in the first place may have caused much additional trouble.

I could quote other similar instances, for cases occur from time to time in which a patient is caused extra or prolonged suffering through failure on the physician's part to diagnose correctly in the early stages of the disease.

We are living in an age when medical science is making more rapid strides than ever before, and it behoves the elderly doctor to keep abreast of new methods of diagnosis and treatment.

I know a practitioner in a country district who, in my opinion, is a splendid example of what a medical man ought to be. He has four partners and many patients, who include not only many members of well-known county families, but a large number of panel patients.

YET, in spite of his busy practical life, he makes a point of reading current medical and technical literature for never less than four hours a week.

I know there are doctors who say they cannot find time for this intensive study to keep themselves up to date. And many of them are comparatively young men. But they are old mentally. They have reached the stage which, I think, can be best described as "mental fossilisation." They are the men who ought to retire.

At the other end of the scale there are surprisingly virile men in the profession to-day who are close upon the allotted span of three score and ten, but they are young in mind because they are still imbibing fresh ideas.

No, providing that one's ability to keep up to date remains acute, I do not think age has much to do with retirement.

The human brain, like any other part of the anatomy, atrophies when not in use; so you can understand what I mean when I say that some comparatively young doctors ought to retire for the benefit of their patients, if not for their own good. Some men become senile at forty, others are merely mature at seventy or even eighty.

During over thirty years' medical experience I have learnt more and more the value and necessity of keeping in touch with medical discoveries which are being made all over the world.

It is true I am not in regular practice, but my Parliamentary duties keep me very busy. Despite this, I continue to read, as I have always done, German and French medical and scientific periodicals, in order to keep in as close touch as possible with everything new.

I should hate to feel I was no longer keen to explore fresh fields of investigation.

THE Library of the Royal College of Surgeons is always available to every medical man, and the very latest in the way of original works and new writings are collected there.

Some day, I hope, it will be compulsory for every doctor to attend a "refresher" course at a special hospital for three or four months every few years.

The London University and the Ministry of Health are even now adapting the Hammersmith Public Hospital for post-graduate teaching, as it is called, and all London panel practitioners will be encouraged to take regular courses of instruction at intervals throughout their professional life.

When this scheme is in working order—they are already engaging a staff—the teaching will be pathological, medical and surgical. It will also be possible to study there all manner of specialities, such as peculiar diseases of the throat, ears, nose, and eyes; the newest treatments for tubercular troubles or cancer, and the latest surgical operation, and so on.

This is a much-needed move in the right direction, and one of which, let us hope, medical practitioners will take the fullest advantage.

If they do they will postpone the day, be they young, middle-aged or old, when people might justly say that in the interests of their patients and their profession they ought to retire.

"The Greatest of These"—Fund

Passers-By

AT seven years old, Bert is a manly little chap. "You wait till I go to work," he tells his mother; "I will bring home all my money."

"I'll bring home the money"

His mother needs comforting, for she is a nervous wreck through the worry of having her husband constantly on the sick list. He was a strong lad, making headway at his work, when he joined up in 1914.

"I went through every battle, and never got a scratch," he said. But his heart was seriously affected.

For four years he enjoyed a pension of 12s. a week. Now he has nothing.

He has been trying to pay 10s. a week rent and feed the three children on 15s. a week panel money, with the result that most of their things are in pawn, including the bedclothes which should be keeping them warm at night.

They live in one of London's most wretched slums, where a mist seems perpetually to hang about the squalid houses. Their room is clean and tidy, and if Bert's dad could get a light job, they would be cheerful enough.

It is the dread of not being able to meet the rent and the awful want they wake up to each morning that saps their energy and weakens their nerves.

Their doctor's certificate states that Bert's ex-Service dad is "recovering from a severe illness, and there is not enough nourishment in the house for his recovery, or for his wife and children."

During this week, when that most bitter cry, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" is ringing in our ears, will our readers make it so really *something* to them that they will not hesitate to send help for Bert's and other families.

This should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgment will be sent by post where names and addresses are given.

SITUATIONS VACANT—Men
ASSISTANT MANAGER REQUIRED by firm of builders and decorators. Practical man used to estimating for and carrying out work without supervision. Smart appearance, quick, methodical and conscientious. Apply in person
CHAUFFEUR REQUIRED. Smart clean-driven man used to driving in traffic and out repairs. Uniform provided. Live ...incial applicants send photograph.
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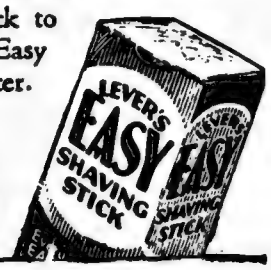
This man knows what employers look for

Spruce appearance—that's what employers expect of their staff. Other things being equal, the well-shaved man stands a better chance of keeping as well as of getting a job. So the wise man uses a soap that's made for shaving. Which does not mean he pays a shilling or more; Lever's Easy Shaving Stick costs only 6d—that's little enough to pay for a hundred close, comfortable shaves—the kind of shave employers are quick to notice. Ask *her* to get you a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick to-morrow—from the grocer.



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Cuticura Talcum

Soothes and cools Father's face and removes the after-shaving shine, comforts Baby's tender skin and prevents chafing and irritation, and gives the finishing touch to Mother's toilet.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.
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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.
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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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News for the Kit-Set Builder

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THE FINEST RADIO KIT-SET EVER PRODUCED

Even at the former price of 6 guineas, the Zonophone 'Big 3' was outstanding value. But now at £6, *including loudspeaker and valves*, it is far ahead of all other Kit-Sets in what it gives—*and does*—for the money. The set contains all necessary parts—chassis valves and loudspeaker fit into a graceful and well-finished walnut cabinet. It is battery-driven and exceptionally economical to run.

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The clearly-written Instruction Book enables a novice to assemble the 'Big 3' easily, and with the certainty of satisfactory results, *in under three hours*. Multiple cable assembly is provided and fully colour-coded, while many components are already wired-up, so that wiring mistakes are eliminated. It is almost impossible to get an accidental short-circuit and all work on the chassis is completed before it is inserted in the cabinet. There are no wires to cut, no soldering or carpentry required.

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OUTSTANDING TONE AND PERFORMANCE

The 'Big 3' has band-pass tuning and a compensated reed type loudspeaker, giving life-like reproduction over an exceptionally wide range of musical frequencies. No plug-in coils are required—the turn of a switch gives you the choice of stations on either medium or long waveband. High-efficiency metallised valves are used in conjunction with a powerful pentode valve in the output stage—all Marconi.

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Ask any wireless dealer to demonstrate the Zonophone 'Big 3'—or send the coupon for literature and name of your nearest Zonophone dealer.

£6 or an initial payment of 8/6 and 12 monthly payments of 10/- . . . at the rate of 2/6 a week.

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The ZONOPHONE BIG 3 KIT-SET

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The British Zonophone Co. Ltd., 367, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Please send me free, descriptive leaflet of the Zonophone Band-Pass 'Big 3' Constructor's Kit-Set.

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FOR the last 18 months all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

Now you can get the original formula yourself at any chemist ready for your own use by simply asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now if you know the agony of stomach trouble, wind, acid stomach, pains after eating, ulceration, you can get instant relief, free yourself from future danger, rid your life of discomfort and distress.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN," it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

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Get this economy habit now, it's better for your pocket—2/6 a week saving for average smokers, with *better* cigarettes too if you use only

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Fill in the Coupon on p. 27.

Free Our CHILD SLAVES!

A SEVENTY-TWO hour working week for children! And in Britain, too.

It seems unbelievable, but all over this country to-day boys and girls of between fourteen and sixteen years of age are being worked in unregulated occupations—errand boys, messengers, domestic helps, and so on—for as long as twelve hours a day six days a week.

And the Children's Bill now before our supposedly enlightened legislators in Parliament contains no provision to prevent this continuing.

That this exploitation of young people is going on to an alarming extent is proved by an investigation recently conducted by the various juvenile employment advisory committees in conjunction with the National Association of Working Boys' Clubs.

* * *

Their report, dealing with the hours of labour of children in unregulated occupations, contains some appalling facts.

Of 127,392 investigated cases, 39,671 boys and girls of from fourteen to sixteen years of age were found to be working from fifty-four hours to sixty in the course of an average week.

The same report shows there are also 18,033 juveniles who work from sixty to sixty-six hours a week; 7,624 who put in seventy-two hours, and 1,207 who worked still more.

Compare these figures with those affecting men or women whose hours of labour are governed by Trade Board laws, or, alternatively, by trade union agreements. They work from forty-four to fifty-four hours a week—according to their occupations—and most of them are paid for overtime.

But for the child worker in uncontrolled occupations there are neither rules, regulations nor laws.

Most of them are employed in blind-alley occupations. Many suffer a breakdown in health before they reach the age of sixteen A hundred thousand of them, having reached the age of sixteen, have been dismissed from their jobs and are now registered as unemployed.

* * *

Many drift into crime—how many may be judged from the fact that thirty thousand of both sexes were charged with various offences during the past twelve months.

And how vast is the field laid open for exploitation will be realised when it is known that 400,000 juveniles leave elementary schools every year.

In the most crucial stage of his development many a lad is a victim of long hours and hard work beyond his strength, while his wages are miserably inadequate.

* * *

He has not the time in which to attend the evening classes arranged for his special benefit, nor has he leisure during which to indulge in sport or recreation.

Yet there are 500 separate institutions in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Cardiff, Bristol and Glasgow, and, indeed, scattered everywhere, where instruction in arts and handicrafts is given at the public expense.

The Children's Bill will rectify much that is wrong in dealing with offenders, but it does little to prevent the evils it is designed to cure.

It provides for special courts in which juvenile offenders will be tried when they break the law. In future, they will be neither birched, flogged, imprisoned nor hanged.

But it does nothing to prevent their being consigned to the slavery of a seventy-two hour working week.

It sounds incredible, but it is true that better facilities for education and recreation exist in the reformation homes and Borstal institutions than for many an honest lad who tries to be a credit to himself, his parents and his country.

The Children's Charter must alter that. It must regulate the hours of labour of boys and girls. They must not be denied the protection that adults enjoy.

They'll be leaving school soon, these bright, eager youngsters. Will they be dulled by vicious slavery?

Football Matches played on March 26

OUR EXPERT SELECTS—

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) West Ham v. ARSENAL.
(2) Chelsea v. Everton.
(3) Aston Villa v. W.B. ALBION.
(4) Bolton v. Sheffield U.
(5) GRIMSBY v. Manchester C.
(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Portsmouth.
(7) Leicester v. Birmingham.
(8) LIVERPOOL v. Sunderland.
(9) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Blackburn
*(10) NEWCASTLE v. Derby.
**(11) WEDNESDAY v. Blackpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Preston v. LEEDS.
(2) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Plymouth.
**(3) BRADFORD v. Bristol C.
(4) Burnley v. Bradford C.
(5) CHARLTON v. Notts County.
(6) Chesterfield v. Millwall.
(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Oldham.
(8) NOTTS FOREST v. Port Vale.
(9) SOUTHAMPTON v. Swansea.
**(10) STOKE v. Barnsley.
(11) Hotspur v. Bury.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) Mansfield v. FULHAM.
(2) Swindon v. Exeter.
*(3) BOSCOMBE v. Northampton.
**(4) BRIGHTON v. Thames.
(5) BRISTOL R. v. Luton.
(6) Orient v. Coventry.
(7) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Reading.
(8) NORWICH v. Brentford.
(9) Q.P. RANGERS v. Cardiff.
(10) TORQUAY v. Gillingham.
*(11) WATFORD v. Southend.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) Southport v. Lincoln.
(2) Carlisle v. GATESHEAD.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Halifax.
**(4) CREWE v. New Brighton.
(5) Doncaster v. Hull.
(6) Rochdale v. BARROW.
(7) Stockport v. Darlington.
*(8) TRANMERE v. Hartlepools.
*(9) WREXHAM v. Walsall.
(10) York v. Chester.

SCOTTISH CUP—Semi-final.

(1) Hamilton v. RANGERS.
(At Celtic Park.)
(2) Airdrie v. KILMARNOCK.
(At Firhill Park.)

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Dundee.
(2) FALKIRK v. Leith.
(3) HEARTS v. Ayr.
(4) MORTON v. Queen's Park.
(5) THIRD LANARK v. St. Mirren.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning. Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and 4 for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—11(*H*); Div. II.—10(*H*); Southern Section—4(*H*); Northern Section—6(*A*) would indicate Wednesday, Stoke, Brighton and Barrow.

Race with "Silver Ring"

THE New Baby

THE new baby, the Flat, made a bad beginning, but most punters are used to Carholme catastrophes and will prepare for the second round.

I was glad that High Hill, one of my first two Code selections to be broadcast, popped up at 4 to 1. His victory saved the situation for JOHN BULL readers.

Going through the Lincolnshire runners for future winners, those I like best are Dooley, who may win the Newbury Spring Cup; Heronslea and Amoya. Amoya comes from Briscoe's stable at Long Stowe, and backers who believe in following a trainer cannot do better than follow him this spring.

Briscoe did exceptionally well with Miss Dorothy Paget's jumpers, Golden Miller and Insurance, and he showed at Lincoln that his flat racers are well forward. Amoya was a 50 to 1 chance, but some shrewd speculators supported her at the final call-over.

Unlucky horses in the minor events at Lincoln were Spion Tor, Eminent and Sudan. This trio should be noted for next time out.

The Rosebery Stakes and the Queen Elizabeth Plate are the chief attractions at Kempton Park this week-end. Judging by the acceptors the fields will just run into double figures and both events are very open. I suggest Suze and Bangle II.

Do not overlook Insurance for the Queen's Prize.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 24, to Wednesday, March 30:

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q

C R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

P9896SEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. J9896US2 would read ZANOFF.

PRICES reduced

Increased sales and increased production have enabled us to reduce the prices of all types of ETA, the international valve:

THE ELECTRICAL TRADING ASSOCIATION, LTD.
Aldwych House, Aldwych, LONDON W.C.2

ETA

THE INTERNATIONAL VALVE

NEW REDUCED PRICE FROM 6/3

Result of Crossword Competition No. 154.

Life Pension Again Won Outright!

The only correct solution in this contest was received from

W. PULHAM,
27, Trinity Road, Liscard, Wallasey,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a Life Pension of £3 a Week or £1,250 cash.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 5th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the 13 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 17s. 6d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Prize of a Three Pound a Week Life Pension and £50 to be divided between the runners-up appears on Page 28. Try Your Skill now!

you can now purchase the World-famous

DUNLOP

ROADSTER CYCLE TYRE

C.F.H.

2H/30

STOMACH TROUBLE

Prompt Relief

Mr. A. WOOD, 13, Elliot Rd. Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes:—"I had two operations on the Stomach for Ulcers. After leaving Hospital the Ulcers returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the slightest pain or discomfort."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 5 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V156

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

HAVE YOU TAKEN A RISK?

If so, go at once to a doctor, or to one of the free treatment centres for advice. Gonorrhoea usually appears within three days and Syphilis within a month, and the earlier treatment is commenced the quicker the disease is cured.

False shame is sheer folly. The real shame is to remain uncured and thus to risk passing on the disease to an innocent person.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained by writing to the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station). The Medical Secretary will interview callers free of charge at the above address on Tuesday and Thursday evenings between 5.30 and 6.30; or an appointment may be made by telephoning Victoria 8767. No examination or treatment is undertaken.

Six useful booklets for Parents 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls. 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom. Mention "John Bull" when writing.

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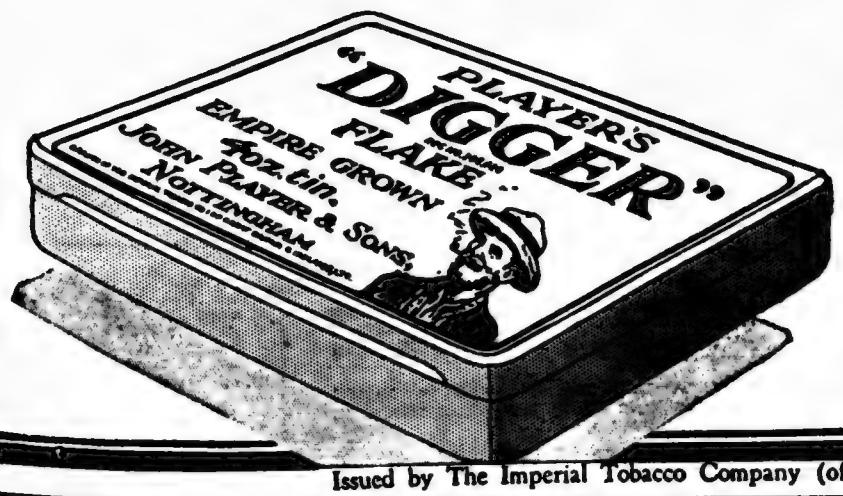

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P.D.6.A

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WEARING FALSE TEETH WITHOUT KNOWING IT

A happy experience

More problems arise in connection with the wearing of false teeth than keeping them clean—though that is a very important and ever present one. The first problem confronting the wearer of a denture is how to get used to it at the start—and a very real problem it is. As a matter of fact the solutions of these two problems are very closely connected. What the wearer of a new denture and the wearer of an old denture want equally is to have their false teeth fit so comfortably and naturally in their mouth that they do not know they have them in.

Miss F. E., the writer of one of the many thousands of testimonials which the proprietors of Milton have received, had a new set of teeth just before Christmas. In the following February she writes: "My mouth is in very good condition, in fact I don't know that I have false teeth, thanks to Milton. My teeth are very fresh and clean in the morning, and I am often being told how very nice they look." Everyone who has worn false teeth will appreciate the happiness of being able to wear a plate without being constantly and painfully reminded of it at the end of less than two months. Miss F. E. uses the night method of cleaning her denture—she leaves it in a solution of half a teaspoonful of Milton and half a tumbler of water all night. The morning method—leaving the plate in the same solution for half an hour while you dress—is equally effective. It is important to realise that Milton cannot harm your denture provided there are no base metals used in its construction. A bottle of Milton costs 6d.

EVERY CLASS of BET CATERED FOR

COMPLETE THE BIG TWO SERVICE WITH A GUARANTEE OF WINNINGS BY RETURN

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SINGLE EVENTS—NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE.

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TOTALISATOR ODDS to Win, Win and Place, or Place only.

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Fourteen "CHALLENGER" Lists to choose from. Nothing Barred—Nothing Starred in the Six Divisions of the English and Scottish Leagues.

FIXED PRICE LISTS AND LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR.

Send at once for full particulars of our service.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C2.

Our Letter Parliament

THE TREASURE I'd Keep

MY most treasured possession is a single sheet of notepaper bearing four lines of original poetry, written expressly for me, in our cathedral here, and handed to me with a smile and a blessing, at the end of an interview which I had with him.

These lines bear the date together with the signature, G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, and also the beloved nickname "Woodbine Willie."

I would never part with this, for it marks a great kindness rendered to me personally by one who had very little leisure, yet never spared himself in doing a kindly action.—*C. M. R., Coventry.*

Words from the Dumb

"Dear Mum.—I am a good boy at school. I am learning about the dog and the cat, the mouse and the rat."

At eight years of age my only child, deaf and dumb from birth, was sent away to school, and in an incredibly short time I received the above-quoted note from him.

Tears of joy streamed down my cheeks as I read and re-read the first intelligible words I had ever received from him.

Tear-stained and brown with age, nothing on earth would induce me to part with his letter; it is my most treasured possession.—*Mrs. T., Mon.*

Sparkling Diamond

A "diamond" brooch which cost fourpence, a present from my son when five years of age. He gave it to me wrapped up very carefully, saying it was to make me look lovely.

My son is now a man out in Central Africa, and we hope to have him home this year.

If he should bring me a real diamond brooch, as he has promised, I am sure it will not give me more pleasure than the fourpenny one I still treasure.—*Memory, Manchester.*

Worth Having

Greatest of all my treasures is my faith. Without it life would be barren and hopeless, and not worth living.

Faith in a heavenly Father Who has a definite plan for each life, and watches over His children.

Faith in my fellow-men, believing that there is good in every heart, if only the right chords are touched to bring that good into action.

Faith in myself—that by a consistent life I can influence by word and action those with whom I daily come in contact. —"*Faith,*" *Matlock.*

Fiddle and I

My dear old fiddle! Salvaged from the burnt-out wreck of a music-shop in Venizelos Street, after the great fire of Salonika, 1917, it accompanied me through the rigours of the Balkan campaign.

I played it to my war-worn comrades in many a sing-song, giving many happy hours, and in Constantinople after the Armistice.

During the last twelve years I have earned my living with it as a professional musician, and even now, though cast upon the scrapheap through mechanical music, I still play upon it as a street musician.—*L. P., Stratford, E.*

Toddler's Posy

A small bunch of wild flowers, pressed between the leaves of my old Bible. My boy, now eleven years old, gave it to me when he was one year old.

He plucked the flowers, and his first thought was of me. He was so excited to give them to me that he did not know he had taken his first steps in life.

When I look at them I can always see him as he was then; they bring sweet memories of him as a baby.—*Fond Mother, Fleetwood.*

Better than Gold

The one earthly treasure dearer to me than all others is my husband. His love for me has enriched and ennobled my life.

He is my protector from the buffetings of the world, my sympathetic adviser at all times, and the inspiration of my standard of living, because, knowing his opinion of me, I would not disappoint him.

Being human, he is not perfect; but I have only to imagine life without him to realise how very precious he is to me. —"*Happy Wife,*" *Renton.*

Nightmare

A slip of paper with a signature on it, a very clumsy imitation. To most people, it is an old "bearer" cheque; to me, it is at once a rebuke and a benediction.

Facing my employer, with this forgery in his hand, I thought it was the end of all things; his wonderful goodness made it the beginning.

Handing back the shameful thing, he said: "Keep this, my boy, as a reminder of a bad dream we have both had."

That was over thirty years ago; I am now manager of that firm. —*H. E., London, E.*

Threefold

Just a little trinket—cross, anchor and heart, joined together—given to me by the man who I thought was my father, and who never let me know that I was not his child.

Neighbours told me the truth after his death, and it made me love this noble-hearted man's memory more.

His deathbed gift will always be my dearest treasure—the emblem of his faith in me, his hope that I would make good in life, and an everlasting memory of his charity to an orphan child.—*E. R., Swansea.*

Home!

Often have I envied others their wealth and perhaps better luck, but, upon entering my front door, the happy smile which lights up my wife's face, the welcome by the "finest old mongrel in the world," and the cosy armchair which awaits me by the fire, soon make me forget the better fortune of others.

I would not change places with them for ten times their wealth. Money cannot buy the treasure I possess, and that is why I would never part with it.—*A. H., Margate.*

MY old and faithful bulldog. Whenever I come home I am sure of a tail wagging in welcome, and when things look black and everyone seems against me, his cold, wet nose is thrust into my hand and two brown eyes tell me I have one true friend in the world.

Yes, my dog is a treasure I will never willingly part with.—H. J. E., Burnham.

Bricks and Mortar

A child's box of bricks, value 1s. 6d.

Twenty years ago I was happily married and in course of time my first and only child was born. For upwards of five years he was the ray of sunshine in our home, until a serious illness took him from us.

During his last few days on his bed of sickness the bricks were his favourite plaything.

That simple toy can still recall the memory of a joy long since departed and now beyond repeating.—"*Ajax,*" *Carlisle.*

* * *

An old steel thimble, much worn on one side, a memory of grannie patiently sewing garments for my two boys.—*Mrs. L., Stoke.*

A pair of wee, well-worn shoes, worn in turn by each of my three children when babies. They hold so many happy memories of when my kiddies were tiny. —"*Mother of Three,*" *Colchester.*

A photograph of "her"—because I've lost the original.—"*Lonesome,*" *Kent.*

The sense of humour. What an asset it is to be able to see the funny side of life, even when the laugh is against you.—*Yorick, Burnley.*

An old pair of spectacles, for without them I'd be unable to read my JOHN BULL. —*S. J. D., Motherwell.*

A silver-mounted briar pipe, inscribed "A. A.," sent to me by the late Queen Alexandra towards the close of the South African War, in 1902.—"*Old Sweat,*" *Hants.*

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"Holland is represented by films illustrating commercial processes, but Czechoslovakia contributes some rare GERMS."

AIR STORIES:—"Bill Randolph looked out and covered his HANDS with his EYES."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Her golden hair used to hang down her BACK, almost to her TOES."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"Already there is a potential membership of close upon *0*."

"THE GUN-RUNNERS" (Novel):—"Several other men gathered on the edge of the shell crater. Frost counted them. There were NONE."

BILLINGSHURST AND PULBOROUGH NEWS:—"The meeting opened with the SINKING of 'Jerusalem.'"

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"One shell landed BENEATH a petty officer's bed where some 200 men were sleeping."

HUCKNALL DISPATCH:—"Girls should be taught to bring their love affairs to their DAUGHTERS."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Later in the week Evelyn Laye and John Boles are the leading players in 'One Heavenly NIGHTY.'"

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 300 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 29.

Where the Provinces Win

(see page 24)

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7 11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of do Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

START in Drapery and make money by selling again. Small capital only required. Lowest prices in the trade. Example: Ladies' Art. Silk Hose 8 11 doz. Men's Suits, 15/- each, honestly worth 45 -. Ladies' or Gent's Mackintoshes, 6/6 each. Thousands of other Bargains. Sample Bales 21 -. Satisfaction or money returned under *John Bull* guarantee. Catalogue and Guide free.—Wolfson, Thomas St., Manchester.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Bazaarists for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (who'esale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A, 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies' Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Neckties, etc.; inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 68, King Street, Huddersfield.

TURKISH TOWELS, ETC., AT FACTORY PRICES. SEE "COTTON QUEEN" advt. under AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

HALF Profit. Quick Selling Lines. Agents wanted. Samples and full parties. free.—X., PELICAN PRESS, BROOK LANE, BRISTOL.

AGENTS WANTED for splendid selling lines in household specialities. Enclose 2d. postage for free shilling sample and full particulars.—TEXALO Co. (Dept. J.B.), South Shore, Blackpool.

"JOHN BULL" says "Excellent Value!" "COTTON QUEEN" brand TURKISH TOWELS direct from factory. Over twenty thousand pairs sold to our own towns-folk last year and still selling. Capable, Energetic Salesmen earning upwards of 20/- a day with these lines. Big scope everywhere for sales. Every housewife a potential customer. Lowest factory prices. Cash Trade only. Stamp parties, or samples on appro. P O 5 -.—H. SMITH & CO., LTD., TOWEL FACTORY, BURNLEY, LANCS.

AGENTS required (spare time) for the Sartor Golden Club, famous for values and service; generous cash commission and postages paid. Write now for particulars and 125-page Catalogue, amazing bargains offered.—SARTOR MFG. CO. (Dept. 31), MANCHESTER. Call 220, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X. 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

CLUB ORGANISERS. AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT APPEARS CENTRE OF PAGE 12

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7), or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Regent St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

BUY Hosiery w'sale to sell again: over 60% profit; any quantity. Cat. Free.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS.—Commencing pay now £2 15s. per week, rising to £4 5s. 9d. Ages 19-23. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Those interested in joining should send for free details of entrance requirements of City, County and Borough forces from B.T.I., 29B, Oxford Street, London, W.1

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POLICE ENTRANCE EXAM.—Expert postal tuition. Success gntd. For parties. write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

A PAYING PROFESSION. SURGICAL CHIROPODY taught thoroughly and cheaply in your own home. Qualify for the School Diploma and obtain practice. Free Pros.—Director, School of Practical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

MEN £3-£6 WEEKLY as a certificated Bailiff's Assistant. Expert postal tuition. Fee 6/- Free Employment Bureau. Success Guaranteed. Guide FREE.—C. C. COLLEGE (D9), 29, Coleman St., London, E.C. (Estd. 1908.)

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO You Advertise?" Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Duplicate Books, Memos, Postcards, Catlgs., etc. Stamps 3d. postage. Meads, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey, Heather, etc. 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO. 52. TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOL SALE.—1d. Sports, 1½d. oz., Rug, 6½d., 1/- lb. 800 spls. Illus Rug Guide free.—Scotia Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, Dance Organisers, send to-day for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1932 Designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS. The Wonder Book of Patterns Post Free. Over 100 new designs plainly marked at bargain prices. All papers English made. Write for your copy to the original mail order firm, Blakey, Morris & Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55,56, London Rd., Elephant, S.E.1.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING. Finest Butt Leather, Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, Wellington Bldgs., Strand, Liverpool.

DON'T overlook JAS. BEST'S offer on page 14. Easy payments will facilitate your purchase. Write for departmental Catalogue, stating requirements. Mark your p.c. or envelope "Dept. J.B."

SELFRIDGE'S offer a CHROMIUM-PLATED TOURIST CYCLE on easy payments on page 26. Write for ILLUSTRATED LIST and mention *John Bull* when writing.

MARKETING BY POST.

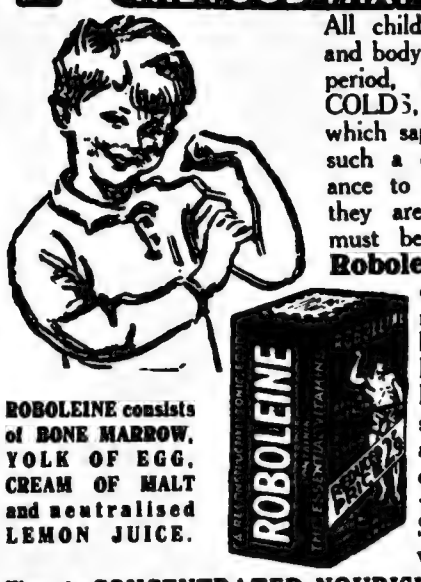
TEA WHOLESALE. No. 1 7½d. lb., No. 2 11d. lb. Chests only 1½d. lb. extra small quantities. Samples free.—SIZER, 182, ROMAN ROAD, E.3.

TEA.—Buy Direct—save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon, specially blended. 4 lb. 4/8, 10 lb. 10 -. Tea Dust, 10 lb. 5 -. Carr. pd. Special prices large quantities.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham.

TEA.—WHOLESALE. EMPIRE BLENDS. 4 lb. 5 -, 4 lb. 5 4, 4 lb. 6 -, 4 lb. 6 8. Car. Paid. Special Prices Large Quantities.—City & Provincial Tea Co., 14, Cursitor St., London, E.C.4.

AGAIN WE SAY GIVE YOUR CHILDREN Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY



All children need a reconstructive nerve and body building food during the growing period, especially after INFLUENZA, COLDS, MEASLES, and other illnesses which sap their strength and vitality to such a degree that nature needs assistance to restore normal health. Whether they are ill or not, however, children must benefit by the regular taking of **Roboleine.** It contains all the vitamins essential to the making of bone, muscle, firm flesh, and good red blood.

For over 25 years Doctors and Mothers have described the results obtained from **Roboleine** as marvellous, not only for children, but for adults in convalescence and in cases of Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Tuberculosis, loss of weight, etc.

ROBOLEINE consists of BONE MARROW, YOLK OF EGG, CREAM OF MALT and neutralised LEMON JUICE.

There is CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT in EVERY SPOONFUL

SEND FOR SAMPLE

12-DOSE SAMPLE

"ROBOLEINE," Handforth Laboratories, Clapham Rd., London, S.W.9
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.
(USE BLOCK LETTERS AND MARK ENVELOPE "SAMPLE.")

Name.....

Address.....

J.B.16. .....

A CARNIVAL Hat, Novelty Joke, Fancy Dress and Balloons. Ill. List J.B. Free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross St., London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book Designs, Patterns, post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. List Free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 19), 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

1/- RUG BOOK AND SAMPLES FREE. A p.c. to READICUT WOOL CO. (Dept. J.B.), Ossett, Yorks, brings it.

LAY "TRI-NOLEUM" on your floors for long wear and economy. Send coupon on page 12 for Free Patterns.

CYCLISTS! A 15/- Free Gift Coupon to all who write for a Free Catalogue. (See advt. of Chas. T. Robey, Ltd., page 12.)

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2 - for parcel on appro. (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

SUIT LENGTHS (3¼ yds.). Gntd. All Wool Indigo Serge at 30/-, 35/- and 40/- each. Patterns Free.—Holroyd & Son, Woollen Merchants, 245, Idle Rd., Bradford.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts or sets, 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbuil, 120, Old St., Ldn, EC1.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

GUITARS, Piano Accordions, Concertinas, Ukeleles, Mandolines, Jazz, Saxophones, Banjos, Cramos, Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

1/- STABULATOR IMPROVES WIRELESS RECEPTION. Advt. on page 12 tells how.

FREE.—A useful book on the Charging and Maintenance of C.A.V. Low Tension and High-Tension Accumulators. Simply send a p.c. to C. A. Vandervell, Ltd., Well St., Birmingham. Mention *John Bull*.

FREE. Fill in the Coupon in the Zonophone advt. on page 27 for free descriptive folder of the "Big 3" Constructor's Set, obtainable on Easy Terms.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE. (JB)

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3 -, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sp. 3d.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large box (over 100 beans), 1/3. Post Free.—Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

RHEUMATISM CURED FREE. Send 2d. for large trial box, value 7½d., of "CELUNOX" (Brand) Tablets, made from celery. Nature's own remedy. Never fails. Dept. 15, CELUNOX, LIMITED, EDGWARE, MIDDLESEX, or 1/3 from Boots and all chemists.

BRONCHITIS.—By acting directly on the inflamed passages Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief. Write for Free Booklet No. 46F to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.88), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

ATTENTION is drawn to the "TY-PHOO TEA" announcement on page 23. A free sample can be obtained by sending a 1½d. stamp with your name and address to Sumner's "Ty-Phoo" Tea, Ltd., Birmingham. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

READERS' attention is drawn to the MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER (for Indigestion and all Gastric troubles) advt. on page 28. If any difficulty in obtaining, send direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10, and mention *John Bull* when writing.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE OF "ROBOLEINE"—the Food that builds the body and invaluable for growing children—sent to readers filling in coupon in large advt. on this page.

"NATURE'S WARNINGS" is a FREE BOOKLET that all women of middle age can get by sending a p.c. to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1. See advt. on page 32.

WRITE to the New Era Treatment Co. for a free sample of "ELASTO," the new treatment for Leg Troubles and Circulatory diseases, together with a special free booklet. The address will be found in the advt. on page 34.

RUPTURE SUFFERERS should not overlook the BROOKS' advt. on the Back Cover of this issue. The free information coupon will bring illustrated book and particulars of trial offer.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return. Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

OLD GOLD. Sell Now. See it weighed and tested. Old Gold, Precious Stones purchased at above market prices. Highest price for sovereigns. Spot cash. Call or post.—A. Kempler, Licensed Valuer, Treasure House, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CUSTOMER FOUND 16 DEAD RATS IN 10 MINUTES AFTER LAYING DOWN RODINE. THE RAPID RAT REMOVER. NEVER FAILS. 7½d. AND 1/3. ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
YOU can't stop eating them.
All Sweet Shops.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Mention *John Bull*.

WRITE for the new all-British "BLACK CAT" Gift Book as offered in the advt. on page 4, which also announces the gift of a pair of Grey Flannel Trousers in exchange for coupons from "BLACK CAT" CIGARETTES.

FREE.—A wonderful booklet which ought to be in the possession of every housewife—the "SUN-MAID" Recipe Book, containing nearly 100 recipes. Send at once for your FREE COPY. Write Dept. J.B.2, Producers' International Sales Assocn., Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See advt. on page 21.

PIPE LOVERS will be interested in the "BONDMAN" advt. which appears on page 23.

ARE YOU MIDDLE AGED?

A Time of Trial for Woman.

There are no more anxious years in the life of a woman than those of middle age. This time of trial, with its attacks of faintness and palpitation, fits of depression, violent headaches and back pains, needless fears and emotions, is rightly dreaded by women; but if reasonable steps are taken to safeguard the health no serious ill-effects will arise. At this turning point of life Dr Williams' pink pills have given a helping hand to thousands of suffering women who were fighting a losing battle against poor health and waning strength.

The very best help for any woman of middle age is the health-help given by Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills have a valuable strengthening effect, arising from the fact that they reinforce the blood supply enriching and purifying it. In doing so they help to nourish the starved and overtaxed nerves and give new strength and vitality to the whole system. By this natural process all pains and weaknesses are completely dispelled by Dr Williams' pink pills, and a better condition of health and spirits arises. JB

FREE "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that all women of middle age should read. Send a postcard to C. H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

PILES

You may have been tortured for years with itching, bleeding piles. Test Man Zan before suffering increases and experience amazing relief. Inflammation is soothed, irritation and bleeding cease. Sold by all chemists, 3/- per tube, including a special nozzle applicator. Be sure you ask for Man Zan. It is entirely British.

MAN ZAN

JB

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

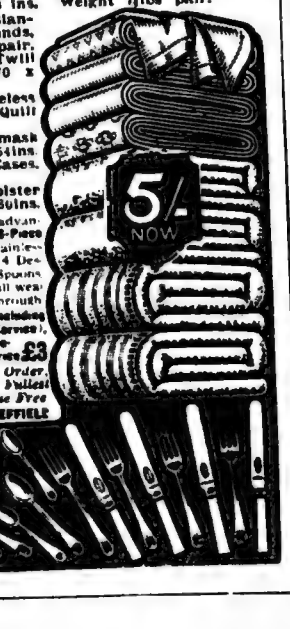
Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 66 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 73 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 30 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 18-Piece Cutlery Service:—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through.

The Complete Sale (including the 18-Piece Cutlery Service), Ready for immediate Delivery. Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly. Bullet Approval. Catalogue Free

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



YOU CAN WIN 'JOHN BULL'S' BIG XWORD LIFE PENSION

"Two heads are better than one," is the motto of Mr. H. G. Mullender, of 255, Saltwell Road, Gateshead, who is sharing his £1,250 in Competition No. 155 with his "Crosswords" partner, Mr. C. Roberts. Interview on page 13. Why not make your wife your Crosswords partner? Argue out the intriguing Clues between yourselves and you may soon be sharing a £3 a Week Life Pension!

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE
& £1250 CASH
THE LATTER AWARD WILL BE PAID SHOULD PRIZE BE DIVIDED
£50 EXTRA FOR RUNNERS-UP
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for Life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 7th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 14th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON Thursday, March 31st.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, April 14th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, April 26th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

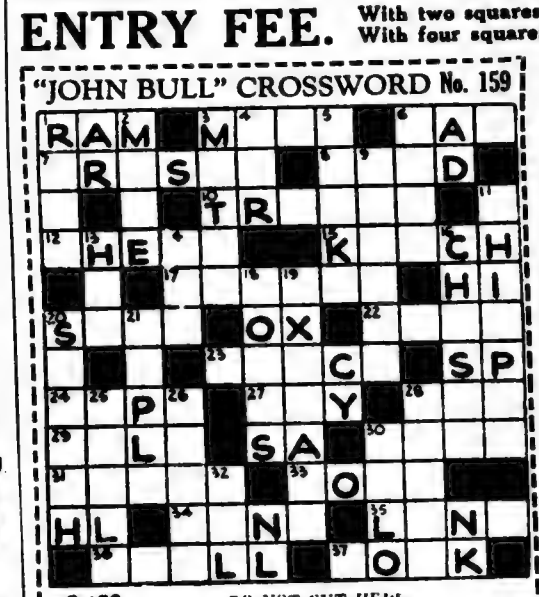
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { See Rule 1.

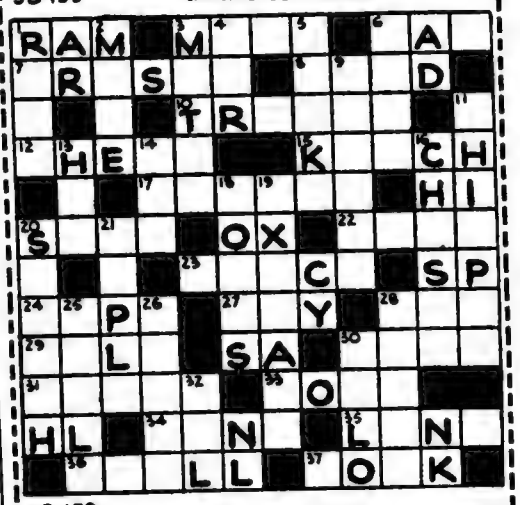
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 157

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 157 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 159



JB 159 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB-159

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't Omit your Name and Address

X-WORD PENSION AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT!
See result of Competition No. 156 on page 29.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Male sheep.
3. How dogs enjoy it!
6. What Chancellors do to your income.
7. For rubbing out.
8. Employed.
10. They're hard to discover if swindler's clever.
12. In that place.
15. Two-masted vessel.
17. Take into custody.
20. Male deer.
22. Part of animal's body.
23. Conjuror cleverly conceals this.
24. Mischievous children.
27. Not wet.
28. Golfer drives from this.
29. Contains shop's takings
30. Small lake.
31. Opposite of "dirty."
33. Another name for negro.
34. Shade of colour.
35. It attracts angler's attention
36. Tells you something about the egg.
37. Water enters this.

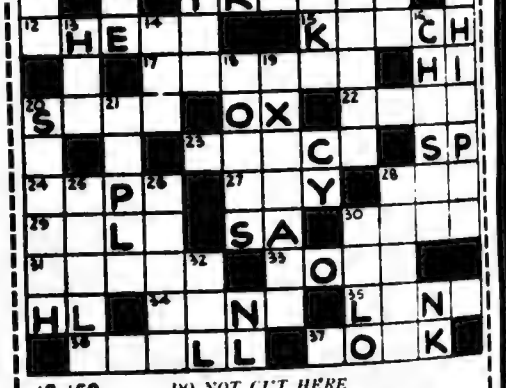
CLUES DOWN.

1. A break.
2. Is carefully prepared for horse show.
3. Registers consumption of gas.
4. Stray.
5. They shorten a sleeve.
6. Trial.
9. Draw in outline.
11. Old horses should not be this.
13. Latest one is quickly imitated.
14. Old piece of cloth.
16. Selected.
18. Highways.
19. What dentists do to teeth.
20. It gives you pain.
21. Tommy eats, but wants more.
25. Factories which make cloth.
26. Is written upon at kindergarten.
28. A pick-me-up.
30. Game played on horseback.
32. Nothing.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, March 31.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 159



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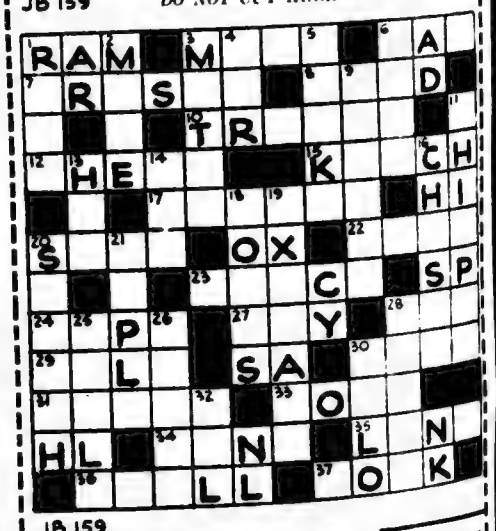


JB 159

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't Omit your Name and Address

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 159), 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

The EDITOR Laughs Last

THE Editor may be flippant on this page. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. Send a stamped envelope with your query.

E. M. (Windsor).—"**Why do dogs howl at music?**" Possibly because they have the courage of their convictions.

P. L. (Southend).—"**I have the finest hens in the whole world.**" Then why not leave them to do the cackling?

MRS. J. (Ripon).—"**I think I ought to have married a man with less money.**" Don't worry. He'll soon have less.

J. M. (Aberdeen).—"**There is only one girl whom I like taking out to dinner.**" And she's on a diet, we suppose.

W. E. (Purfleet).—"**How can a wife make bricks without straw?**" Some of them seem to manage it. They use flour.

ARCHIE (Barnsley).—"**Many girls don't want to get married.**" Have you been asking them?

G. S. (Quigley).—"**What does 'tightness in the money market' mean?**" Commercial intemperance.

E. P. (Prescot).—"**Is cigar-smoking harmful?**" Certainly. Send all you may have to us and we'll burn them for you.

S. M. (Hove).—"**Do street accidents happen to any but the careless?**" Yes; last week a car ran over a caretaker.

T. O. (Skipton).—"**It seems the thing now to be married in an aeroplane.**" True, air travel is still far from safe.

N. W. (Croydon).—"**A very important question with women is 'What shall I wear?'**" But not more important than "How shall I wear?"

K. D. (Finchley).—"**What good is a handle to one's name in these democratic days?**" It may still be turned to good account.

A. W. (Leicester).—"**It irritates a woman to find a man does not understand her.**" It makes her furious to find one who does.

B. E. (Peterborough).—"**Japan needs a Government like we have got.**" Desperate cases do sometimes call for desperate remedies.

N. M. (Nuneaton).—"**I believe in writing a letter which will both interest and amuse.**" Then you would believe in anything.

JOHN (Atherstone).—"**I have just become engaged to a girl member of our hiking club.**" That's what comes of walking out together.

M. B. (Colchester).—"**I have parted from my wife because of her reckless extravagance in dress.**" You must have quarrelled on very flimsy grounds.

HOUSEWIFE (Bolton).—"**What will our flappers of eighteen or thereabouts be in twenty years' time?**" Flappers of twenty-one or thereabouts, we would say.

"ASTRONOMER" (Bucks).—"**The latest discovered nebula is speeding away from our earth at the rate of 11,000 miles per second.**" Well, who can blame it?

SCIENTIST (London, N.W.).—"**Germs wouldn't stay in a house with no fires and all the windows open.**" Neither would we.

W. P. (Newquay).—"**Every married man occasionally speaks a hasty word to his wife.**" He has to, or he would never get one in at all.

BILL (Newcastle).—"**I was recently fined for throwing pieces of coal at a local jazz band.**" You shouldn't have done that with coal at its present price.

GEO. R. (Bradford).—"**A Spanish bullfighter has turned football referee.**" Evidently the silly fellow doesn't know when he's safe.

FRANK (Bristol).—"**In my last letter I told you exactly what I thought.**" So that's where the empty envelope came from!

COMPOSER (Exeter).—"**You will admit that the enclosed tune is catching, anyway.**" We do; but we admit the same about measles.

W. N. (Boston).—"**I know a man with a title who is joining the concert party at a south coast resort this year.**" A peer to appear on a pier?

G. N. (Letchworth).—"**I have a poor sense of humour.**" Oh, so you write these letters to amuse yourself?

B. T. (Manchester).—"**I soon gave up smoking by tremendous will-power.**" Your wife's?

JOE (Pentonville).—"**I spent the best part of my life in prison.**" Because of where you'd spent the worst part?

C. J. (Kettering).—"**Less than half the girls in business are any good at figures.**" The rest don't count.

D. K. (Lincoln).—"**By black magic a girl can turn a goat into a youth.**" That's reversing the usual process.

G. N. (Oxford).—"**Which is the best time to take cuttings from rose trees?**" When their owner isn't looking.

L. T. (Uxbridge).—"**I find myself at the parting of the ways.**" Open a petrol station.

M. V. (Woking).—"**The clinging type of girl is going out.**" The boys will keep taking her.

G. V. (Barnet).—"**Servants are very broad-minded these days.**" Why shouldn't they be? Think of how they travel.

G. K. (Bromley).—"**Most motor-cars these days are paid for as they are used.**" But not nearly as rapidly.

W. N. (Southend).—"**Until I was thirty I was never beaten in an argument.**" Did you marry at that age?

B. M. (Liverpool).—"**I was mistaken last week for a well-known peer.**" Have you written him an apology?

HALF-BACK (Sheffield).—"**We are going to our next League match by air.**" Mind they do not drop you at the last minute.

D. W. (Ilford).—"Some children take great care of their toys." Others allow their fathers to play with them.

A. M. (Tottenham).—"**The days are lengthening.**" Light bills are not so heavy.

L. M. H. (Burnt Oak).—"**Spring-cleaning, in my opinion, is unnecessary.**" A sweeping assertion.

A. M. (Crawley).—"**I am willing to put my shoulder to the wheel.**" We know the kind of car you have got.

CYCLIST (Edmonton).—"**I rang my bell but she took no notice.**" She was probably a waitress out for a walk.

MOTHER (Jarrow).—"**My baby boy wriggles out of everything.**" He should make a successful politician.

K. K (Moorgate).—"**I have an idea that my typist writes her love letters on the typewriter.**" Is the X getting worn?

DISCOURAGED (Oldham).—"**Everything I do comes unstuck.**" So that's why your letter was unstamped?

ADAMSON'S
Bolt from the Blue

J. D. (Colindale).—"**I have got an idea.**" Beginner's luck!

GERTIE (Kew).—"**His proposal was so sudden that it made me jump.**" At it?

H. O. (Petworth).—"**I am dieting for the sake of my looks.**" Vanity fare!

H. F. (Harrow).—"**There is always room for a good man.**" Except on some dance floors.

DOCTOR (Sheffield).—"**A good laugh is worth a dozen bottles of medicine.**" We felt much better after reading your letter.

G. M. (Hull).—"**If you would rather I didn't write so often just say the word.**" The word!

MRS. S. (Bathgate).—"**How to keep a small boy clean is a mystery.**" The solution is soapy water.

J. M. (Plymouth).—"**Chicago gangsters have every possible worry to face.**" Except that of old age.

MISS JANE (Hawick).—"**What should I get a second-hand gramophone for nowadays?**" We can't think of any reason.

R. O. (Frome).—"**Wireless is no longer in its infancy.**" Yet many sets still howl at night.

"LAZY" (Cardiff).—"**Does anyone really enjoy writing letters?**" Income-tax collectors and tailors seem to revel in it.

G. M. (Halifax).—"**A saxophone can be dismantled into fifty-six different parts.**" That's not enough.

B. M. (Daventry).—"**I cannot play cards on a round table.**" You like to have a square deal?

B. J. (Streatham).—"**It's a hard world.**" Many amateur gardeners have found that out lately.

S. M. (Wrexham).—"**I have known what it is to have a price on my head.**" Did you leave the ticket on your new hat?

METEOROLOGICAL EXPERT (Rochester).—"**The weather this Easter will be like summer.**" You pessimist.

N. P. (Barton).—"**The thickest skull on record was found recently.**" The libel law prevents us from mentioning the politicians who will one day beat this record.

W. J. S. (Bolton).—"**That operation cost me 20 Guineas.**" Well, here's an operation which may put 500 Guineas in your pocket. Fill up one of those coupons on page 35.

HENPECKED (Bournemouth). — "**Does such a creature as the perfect husband exist?**" Yes, but the woman next door always has him.

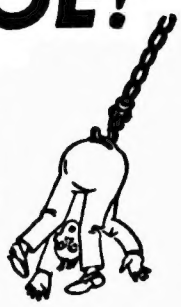
CURIOUS (Aberdeen).—"**Who first called the horse 'the friend of man'?**" We have our suspicions that it was a bookmaker.

H. J. (Shoreditch).—"**The average street hawker would not change his profession for any other.**" They remain true to their calling.

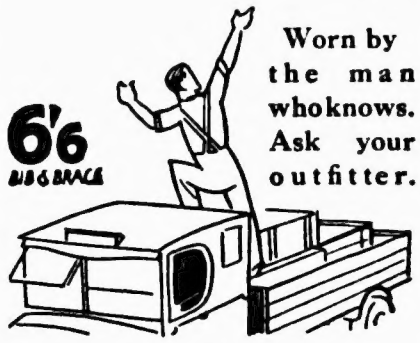
(Many replies unavoidably held over)

'HI-JOE!'

That's the worst of that lad, he will keepshowing off his Bolenium Overalls just because—



BOLENIUMS NEVER LET YOU DOWN



Worn by the man who knows. Ask your outfitter.

In cases of difficulty write to Sole Manufacturers—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS
(Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13

I've never had Indigestion since drinking Ty-PHOO Tea and I get many more cups to the lb. too!

15,000 Doctors Recommend

Ty-Phoo "Leaf-Edge" TEA

★SEND for SAMPLE and SEE!
40,000 Dealers stock it.
If yours does not, send 1½d. stamp with your name and address for SAMPLE to:—
SUMNER'S TY-PHOO TEA LTD., BIRMINGHAM

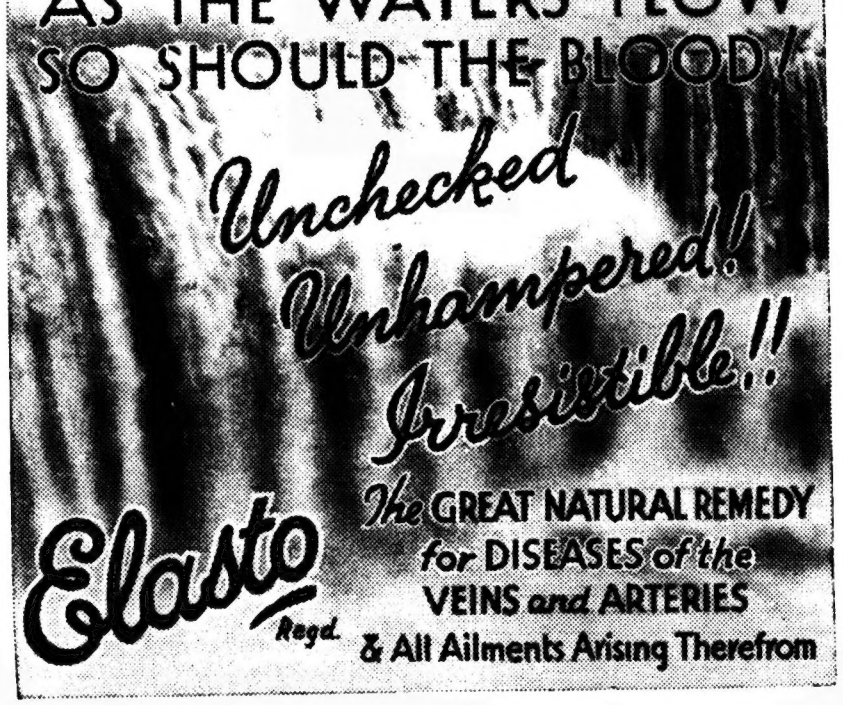
A.W.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

DON'T SUFFER FROM

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Remarkable Results of New Blood Treatment!



What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active, thanks to Elasto."
"My Doctor cannot praise Elasto enough."
"Can now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto has worked wonders; my legs are quite clear now."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"I am now feeling quite fit and healthy."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins have completely disappeared."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Elasto has completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

YOU NATURALLY ASK "What is Elasto?"

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health* It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

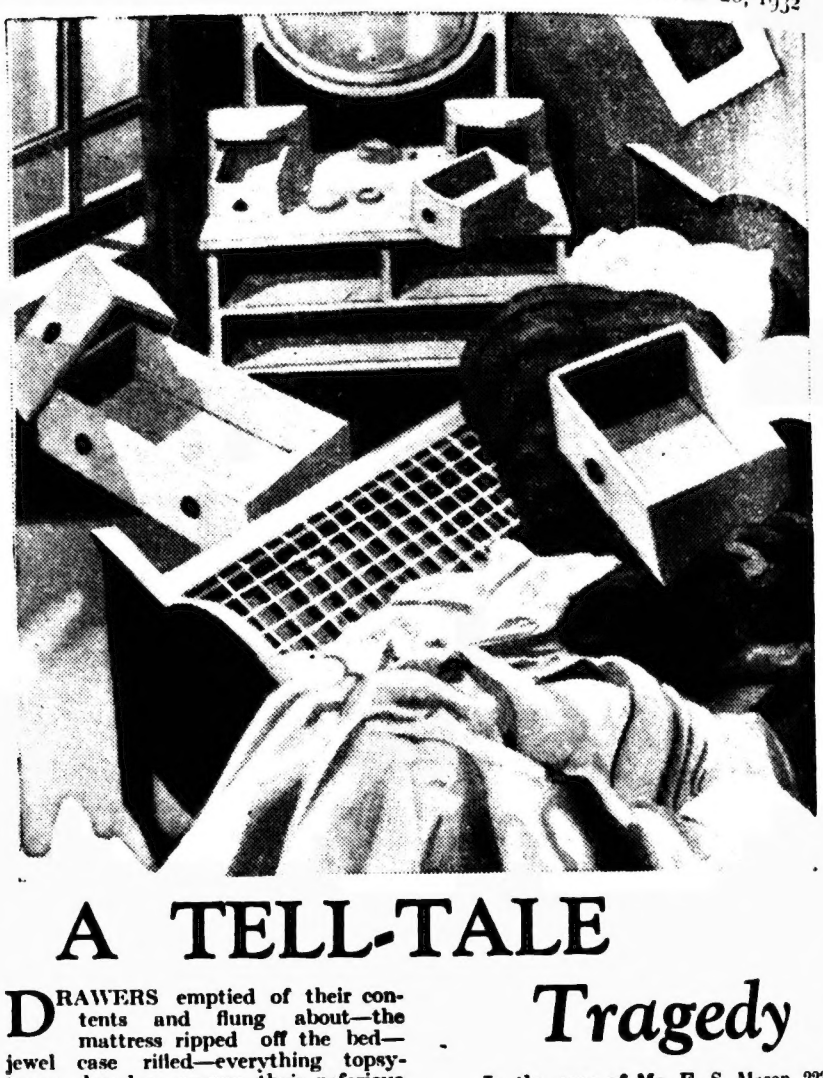
Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD



A TELL-TALE *Tragedy*

DRAWERS emptied of their contents and flung about—the mattress ripped off the bed—jewel case rifled—everything topsy-turvy—burglars pursue their nefarious trade with wanton abandon. And they are *cunning*. They seize upon the moment when you are away at the cinema or visiting friends. They laugh at bolts or bars.

Is *your* home covered against this menace? "John Bull" provides benefits covering Burglary and House-breaking up to £200. No other free insurance provides this vital protection.

Among many cheques paid is one for £18 to Mrs. Hopwood, The Haven, Carleton, Blackpool. Burglars made off with household and personal effects and jewellery.

In the case of Mr. E. S. Mason, 223, New Rosemead Street, Hull, personal injury was inflicted by the burglar—a contingency also covered by "John Bull's" scheme.

Register for "John Bull's" Free Insurance to-day and be covered not only against Burglary but also against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT. These and many other Benefits are subject to a

10% Bonus

payable to readers who are registered for three months or more. Have you registered?

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 26/3/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 26/3/32.

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

Breaking all Records

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance.

State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department,
27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

CASH THE COUPONS

BRITISH MUSEUM 12 32 APR

FINE GUINEAS FIRST 500 GUINEAS AND NOVEL BIG BONUS FOR DOUBLE PRIZE-WINNERS

This week only CLOSING APRIL 2

SECOND PRIZE £50 — THIRD PRIZE £25

10 OF £5 — 10 OF £2.10
50 OF 10/- — 500 OF 2/6
2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES!

EACH WINNER OF TWO OR MORE PRIZES IN THIS CONTEST WILL SHARE IN A NEW £250 BONUS

IMPORTANT

If in this contest you receive two or more prizes for coupons bearing the same initials, name and address, you will be eligible to share in this £250 Bonus. All winners of prizes will also receive a £250 Claim Form, on which those entrants eligible must apply for share of Bonus not later than Saturday, April 23.

OVER £1,000 MUST BE WON THIS WEEK!

As well as increasing the First Prize to the fine sum of 500 Guineas, we are breaking fresh ground this week by offering an extra Bonus of £250. This is to be shared among those competitors who secure more than one prize in this one-week contest, closing Saturday, April 2.

Suppose, for instance, you miss the cash prizes, but manage to capture two "Target" awards. Well, your double success will entitle you to a share of the £250 Bonus. With such a big distribution of cash amongst the runners-up you have a double incentive which may result in the best *Bullets* you have ever submitted.

Any of the *Examples* on this page may provide the foundation for a 500 Guineas *Bullet* or help you to secure a share of this week's £250 Bonus for double prize-winners.

In its finished form a *Bullet* should consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which, linking up neatly with the *Example* chosen, complete an apt and original comment.

For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* JUGGLING WITH MILLIONS, the added words THEN SEEKING "THREE BALLS" would complete a *Bullet*.

73 BIG CHEQUES AND 50 HAMPERS AWARDED!

FIRST PRIZE, £500, COMPETITION No. 840:

Mr. R. M. FANSHAWE, "Parsloes," St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, C.I.

Example:—SONNY'S LEFT SCHOOL, SO
Bullet:—THANKS "STARS"—THEN "MOONS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. HENRY, 114, Mansfield Lane, Lakenham, Norwich.
Example:—Warders
Bullet:—"Officials" Who *Can't* "Sleep."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. C. BATT, 35, Duncan Road, Southsea.
Example:—Sedately
Bullet:—Skittish—Vicar Running Bazaar.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TWENTY PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

J. ATKINSON, 21, Hollingwood Avenue, Lidget Green, Bradford.
Shock For The Village—"Fire!" Last Post's Gone!

C. CAMPBELL, 3, Hilton Fold Lane, Manchester.
A Mag - Pioneer—Then Drunk To.

D. DAVIS, 12, Norfolk Street, Glossop.
Shock For The Village—New Farmer Wants *Mechanics*.

D. DAVIS, 81, Union Street, Borough, S.E.
Warders—"Humane"—Even With "Killers."

R. DODDS, 12, Kempton Gardens, Gateshead.
Brightening Up—Slums—Spoiling Country-side. Posters.

E. GREEN, 185, Sheffield Road, Birdwell.
Empty Cradle—In Doll's House? Never!

W. HARRISON, 92, St. Mary Road, Walthamstow.
Nobody Minds When—*Firemen* "Smash And Grab."

Mrs. G. HAWLEY, 10, South Grove, Bristol.
Let In Thought Dentist Closed, Wednesday.

A. JACKSON, 124, Bk. Cunliffe Road, Blackpool.
Schoolmaster Ramsay—Long Time Organising "Treat."

S. PHILLIPS, 4, Forster Road, Beckenham.
Up From The Country—Deputation Doesn't Bring "Bouquets."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

L. RICHARDS, 26, College Street, Swansea.
Warders — Parents — Family "Escape" Gradually.

F. H. ROBINSON, 28, Malden Road, Wallington, Surrey.
Thrill Of The Chase—Made Conductor Forget Bell!

Mrs. G. I. ROBINSON, 34, Stanmore Place, St. Michael's Lane, Leeds.
Higher—Beer Duty, Dear Booty.

Mrs. H. SCOTT, 46, Hucknall Road, Carrington, Nottingham.
Shock For The Village—Lies Produced "Here Lies——"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

R. J. SCOTT, 35, South Hermitage Street, Newcastleton, Roxburghshire.
In Taxation's Blizzard—Britain, Lest Honour "Perish."

A. F. SEAGO, 7, Row 51, Great Yarmouth.
In Taxation's Blizzard—Shipping "Foundering" In Dock.

J. SYMES, 30, Weltje Road, Hammersmith, W.
The Ticket—Lost—Tommy's *Ear* "Clipped."

Mrs. THOMAS, Beechwood, Pooltown Road, Whitby, Wirral, Ches.
Brightening Up—Villages, When Valves Alight.

A. WALKER, 42, Weymouth Street, London, W.
In Taxation's Blizzard—"Trade Sign" Swings Dangerously.

R. WILSON, 32, Mannering Road, Glasgow.
Sonny's Left School, So—Feels Older—Teacher, Younger.

A list of 50 £50, 50 Easter Hamper and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

In accordance with our published announcement the sum of £100 will be divided amongst the winners printed above who were registered readers of "Bullets" Bulletin by March 5.

The original cheque for £1,000, the prize chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 839, will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Mitchell, Southend Lane, Catford, S.E.

Newsagents' Prizes:—First £5; Second £2; Third £1.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press, Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets" entry

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 844.

OWING TO THE GOVERNMENT	A GOOD SIGN	INTOLERABLE
IN THE HOUR OF NEED	CHINESE PUZZLE	DAD'S INVENTION
I'M PATRIOTIC, BUT	ON THE WAR-PATH	SUITS EVERYBODY
JUGGLING WITH MILLIONS	BE BOLD AND	ON A PEDESTAL
KEEPS THE POT BOILING	OUT FOR TROUBLE	NARROW-MINDED
WEEDING THE GARDEN	MEEKLY	CLEANED OUT
BLESSING IN DISGUISE	TO LOSE	REDUCED TO ASHES
OUT-OF-WORK ACTOR	RUNAWAY WIFE	GHOST OF THE PAST
WITH A SICKLY SMILE	CAUGHT HIM	TOUCHING SCENE
FACE AT THE WINDOW	DRIFTING	MAKES HER SHY
	HARD FACTS	LIKE A ROCKET

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(844) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 2 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(844) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 2 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(844) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 2 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(844) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 2 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 844, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co. . Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEXT WEEK'S THUNDERBOLT

£6 A WEEK FOR LIFE AND £1,500 CASH or 4,500 GUINEAS

AGAIN A 'BULLETS' RECORD!

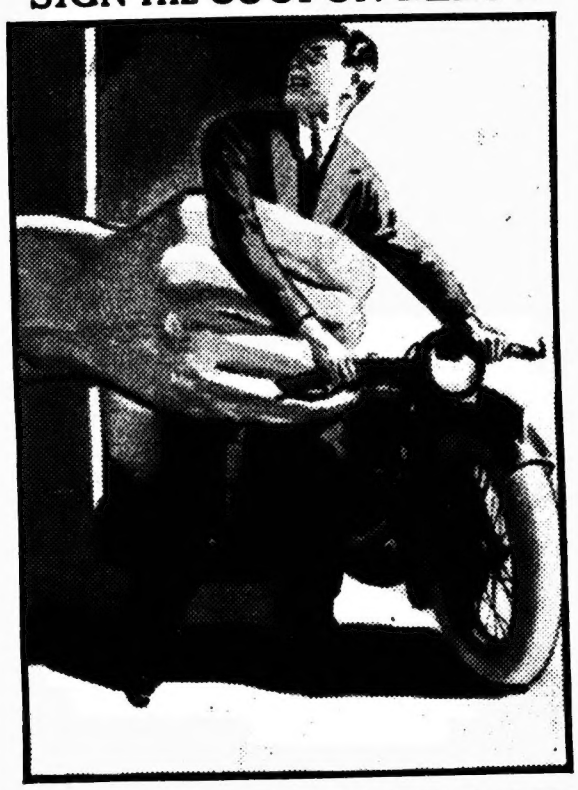
Does Rupture Hold YOU back from Active Pleasures?

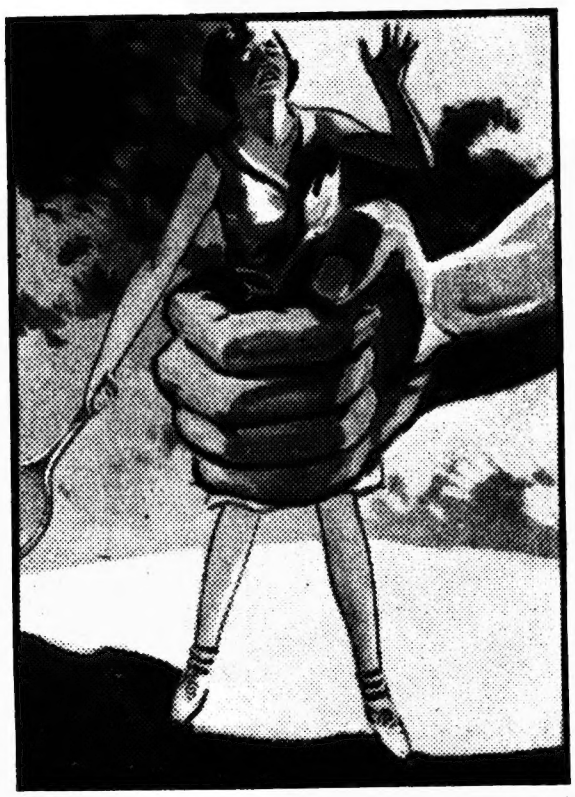
If it does, take advantage of this FREE TRIAL OFFER

The summer holidays are close upon us, with the promise of days in the open air, days by the sea or in the country, days for the enjoyment of tennis, cycling, golf and the hundred and one pastimes of joyous health. Will you enjoy them to the full, or does rupture compel you to watch the enjoyment of others? IT NEED NOT.

Thousands of ruptured men, women and children have already obtained relief and comfort because they accepted this wonderful free offer, and are now enjoying the physical activity and happiness which have been denied them so long. Follow their lead—

SIGN THE COUPON BELOW





The Brooks Rupture Appliance

differs from ordinary spring trusses as youth differs from age.

It is unlike any truss you have ever seen or worn. It was invented by a man who suffered as you have suffered. He knew the discomfort of ordinary trusses, and out of his own suffering grew this idea to make something different, something more comfortable and efficient. You may try this invention **FREE.**

Try the Brooks Rupture Appliance on our Money-Back Guarantee

and let it banish for ever the discomfort, pain and fear of years. Let it show you how you also may enjoy the healthy activities of life. Renew your youth and know to their fullest extent the real joys of life.

Whether you work, play or sleep, it gives you positive protection and permanent comfort all the time.

The **Brooks Rupture Appliance** does away with all the disagreeable and irritating features of belts, supports and trusses—it has no spring or metal part—yet it cannot slip or move. Once properly adjusted it is always on duty. Its patented automatic air cushion, or pad, is so made that air circulates through it freely, keeping it cool and fresh, and there is a give-and-take to it which meets every movement of the body.

It is so Light, Compact and Flexible

that you can wear it and enjoy the relief and comfort it gives 24 hours a day. You don't know you have it on.

1,500 British Medical men recommend this Appliance to their patients. Many wear it themselves. Their testimony, as well as that of their patients, proves that this wonderful Appliance will bring relief, comfort, peace of mind and security to you. No matter what support or truss you are wearing, you owe to yourself to learn more about **Brooks Rupture Appliance.** The Brooks free trial offer enables you to do so at no cost to yourself.

National Insurance Benefit

If you are a member of an approved Society, you may, under the additional benefits scheme, be entitled to an Appliance free through your Society. We have furnished many Appliances in this way and are always glad to do so. Be sure you specify definitely to your Society and particularly to your Doctor that it is a BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE you want.

The Secretary of your Society will tell you how to go about it.

Even if you are not entitled to a grant owing to your not being in benefit, we may be able to help you. Ask your Secretary to write us regarding your case, but first fill in the coupon in the column opposite.

Mr. C. E. BROOKS (From a photograph.)

Take a hold on your future, enjoy life from now on.

Get ready for your holidays now. You are entitled to health and freedom of movement, to bodily ease and the joys of life. Get to know what these things really mean. Fill in the coupon and try the Brooks Rupture Appliance on our money back guarantee basis. You will say, as many others have said, "Why did I not try Brooks Rupture Appliance before?" Now is the time to act—this minute—while the coupon is in front of you. Send it either to the London or the Manchester office—whichever is more convenient or nearer to you—only SEND IT NOW!

REMEMBER!

We send you the Appliance on Trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the coupon here and post to-day to either the Manchester or London address, whichever you like.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,

(482E), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482E), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, and your trial offer. **Please write plainly.**

NAME .....

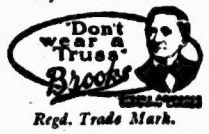
ADDRESS .....

.....

If you are State insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society

.....

.....



Regd. Trade Mark.

Resolve Now to enjoy your Holiday this Year!

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